

Barnabæ Itinerarium;

OR,

DRUNKEN BARNABY'S FOUR JOURNEYS

TO

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND:

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH METRE.

WITTILY AND MERRILY (THO' AN HUNDRED YEARS AGO) COMPOSED; FOUND AMONG SOME OLD MUSTY BOOKS THAT HAD LAIN A LONG TIME BY IN A CORNER, AND NOW AT LAST MADE PUBLIC.

TOGETHER WITH

B E S S Y B E L L.

To which is now added (never before published),

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

C H E V Y C H A S E.

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in Orbe—Britannus.—Mart.
BARNABAS Ebrius.

BY RICHARD BRATHWAIT,

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, COPIOUS NOTES AND INDEX.

YORK:
THOMAS GENT.
1852.

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

It will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years, Being desir'd by a *gentlewoman* to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanced upon Drunken Barnaby, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd

as well as myself. What I can gather of the *author* is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a place call'd *Harrington*, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for *name-sake*, so that I conclude his name was BARNABY HARRINGTON. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden,) he at last arrived at *Appleby* in *Westmoreland*, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in *Queen's College*, *Oxon*, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the coun-

try, turn'd farmer, and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the *reader* pleas'd, as I was.

EDITOR LECTORI.

Quum primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod et tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nomine vel authoris, vel bibliopolæ, vel typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum Collegii Reginensis apud *Oxonienses,* quod innuit etiam authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter

Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

> Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning,
> Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, et perlecto judicabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis ludicre in errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

> Quid si sedem muto sede?
> Quid si carmen claudo pede?
> Quid si noctem sensi diem?
> Quid si veprem esse viam?
> Sat est, verbum declinavi,
> "*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

Vale et ride affatim, Lector.

UPON THIS WORK.

This three days' task was once imposed me,
In the first Spring of my minority !
No edge of Razor then had toucht my chin,
Nor downy shadc approach'd my supple Skin ;
I knew not th' postures of this *Indian vapour.*
Nor made my Sacrifice unto my Taper ;
I'd ne'er seene any *Curtaine* nor *partition,*
Which beget worke for *Surgeon* and *Physician ;*
I was a Novice in the Schoole of Sin,
Nor yet did taste, what others dived in.
Excuse this *Subject* then, if 't doe not fit
The nicenesse of this Age for weight and wit.
Birds flicker first before they learne to fly,
And trust me on my credit so did I.
" Great Tasks when they'r to shorter times confin'd
" Will force a Worke mount lower than the mind."

LOYAL PHEANDER

TO HIS

ROYAL ALEXANDER.

THE title, noble friend, of *Alexander*,
Were it nought else, implies a great *commander*:
And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhime:
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,
Whose *head* makes such iambicks with his *heel*.

IN ERRATA.

Lector, ne mireris illa,
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inferendo, "ut præpono
Godmanchester Harringtono.
Quid si *breves* fiant *longi?*
Si *vocales* sint *diphthongi?*
Quid si *graves* sint *acuti?*
Si *accentus* fiant *muti?*
Quid si placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem *Prisciani?*
Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si Carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem èsse viam?
Sat est, Verbum declinavi,
"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."

UPON THE ERRATAS.

Reader, think no wonder by it,
If with town I've town supplied;
If my metre's backward nature
Set before what shou'd be later:
"As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's?*
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's?*
What tho' *graves* become *acute* too?
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly?
What tho' seat with seat I've strained?
What tho' my limp verse be maimed?
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too?
What tho' I've made briers my way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,
Titubo, titubas, titubavi."

AD

VIATOREM.

OPPIDA dum peragras, peragrando poemata spectes,
Spectando titubes, *Barnabe*, nomen habes.

TO THE

TRAVELLER.

Towns while thou walkest
And see'st this poetry,
And seeing, stumblest,
Thou art Barnaby.

AD

TRANSLATOREM.

Pessimus est cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
Ast hic *translator* corii peramabilis actor,
Qui rhythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

OF OUR AUTHOR,

RICHARD BRATHWAIT:*

BORN about 1588; FLOURISHED 1611—1665;
DIED Mar. 4, 1673.

THE ancestors of BRATHWAIT were possessed of a good freehold domain in the county of Westmorland, and appear to have resided thereon through several generations. Whether the estate passed by an

* The family name underwent many of the capricious variations that distinguish the orthography of that period; it being sometimes spelt Braithwaite, Braythwait, Braynthwayt, Branthwait, Braythwayte and Brathwait. Some literary friends have obliged the Editor by communicating four different autographs of our author. That engraved under the

oft-condemned entail, whereby families usually inherit respect without attaining eminence, is not important: the first member of the family of Brathwait whose mental endowments gave distinction to the name, was our author.

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portrait is from the letter given at length in the note p. xxxiii, dated February 1629. The three copied beneath the monument are from legal instruments,—the first dated in January 1663; the two last, of successive days in March 1672,—and are upon one sheet of paper. Some doubt may be entertained of both signatures being written at the same time, although probably that was the fact. They clearly show the decrepitude of age as well in the tremulous hand-writing as incertitude of spelling, not unusual at the writer's advance in years; who was then, we presume, at least 84. The solitary chance, therefore, of the name being once wrote Braithwait*e*, need not endanger another little deluge of ink,—to imitate some praiseworthy commentators, by laboured discussion; as at present it sufficeth that many concurring authorities confirm the adoption of what our author has thrice written, viz. *Brathwait.*

Richard Brathwait, the grandfather, lived at and was owner of Ambleside in the barony of Kendal, in Westmorland. He married Anne, daughter of William Sandys, of East Thwaites, Lancashire, and had issue one son, Robert* B., who possessed Burneshead† in the same county, and married Alice daughter of John Williamson of Milbech, Cumberland. They had issue—1, Anne, married John Bradley of Bradley, Lancashire; 2, Thomas; 3, Elizabeth, married George Benson of Hugell, Westmorland; 4, Isabell, married Thomas Briggs of Caumire, Westmorland; and 5, Gawen, married Isabell daughter of Richard Forster, Esq.

Thomas, the eldest son, father of the author, having purchased of John Warcop, after a family possession of above three

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* Wood calls him Thomas.

† Sometimes spelt Barnside, or Burnside.

centuries, the manor of Warcop near Appleby, resided there until, probably, the death of his own father, when he became possessed of Burneshead. To him a grant was made, by way of increase to the ancient family arms,* and he was afterwards knighted. He married Dorothy daughter of Robert Bindloss of Haulston, Westmorland, and had issue—1, Agnes, married Sir Thomas Lamplew of Downby, Cambridgeshire; 2, Thomas (who was knighted), married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Dalston of Dalston, Cumberland; 3, Alice, married Thomas Barton of Whenby, Yorkshire; 4, RICHARD BRATHWAIT; 5, Dorothy, married Francis Salkeld of Whitehall, Esq.; 6, Mary, married John Brisco

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* Gules, on a cheveron argent three cross croslets fitchée sable; a crest or cognizance thus: Upon the helme on a torse white and black, a grey hound couchant argent, his collar and lyne gules, mantled gules, double argent.

of Crofton, Esq.; 7, Anne, married to Alan Askoughe of Richmond in Yorkshire, Gent.* Richard Brathwait is supposed to have been born about 1588 at Burneshead, which is in the parish of Kendall; and he alludes to the latter as his 'native place' in some lines addressed "to the truely worthy the Alderman of Kendall and his brethren." After lamenting therein the prevalence of drunkenness, he says:

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* The *Description of a good Wife*, 1619, was inscribed by the author

"To his 5 equally affectionate Sisters, all vertuous content.

To you that are the chiefest of my care,
Tyes of my loue and figures of my life,
Send I this character, where ech may share
Her equal portion in my rare-good Wife,
And be the same, which I'me resolu'd you are:
So shall your Husbands say (I doubt it not)
The Sisters liues prou'd what their Brother wrot

"Yours iointly as his owne.

"MVSOPHILVS."

"How happie should I in my wishes be,
If I this vice out of request could see,
Within that native place *where I was borne,*
It lies in you deere Townes-men to reforme."*

In some moral reflections published by Brathwait, and founded upon the events of his own life, he dwells rather unsparingly upon the idle and thoughtless hours of

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* In another poem, addressing the *Cottonneers of Kendall,* he confirms that country being his place of residence and nativity, by the following lines:

And in my observations seeme to show,
That due respect I to my country owe.

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That did this taske and labour undertake,
For your profession and your countries sake,
Whose ayre I breath'd, O I were worthy death,
Not to love them, who suckt with me one breath:
How many families supported be,
Within the compasse of one Barronry.

* * * * *

Let me exhort you, in respect I am
Unto you all both friend and countriman.

See *Strappado for the Devil,* 1615, p. 173–210.

early youth. Books he describes as first loved only for their covers ; and, like most infantine readers, he always preferred the gaiety of the flowers and indented letters to the matter. This carelessness he began to shake off when he had served only two apprenticeships (as he says) in the world, and at that period had advanced higher in stature than discretion. After leaving school he was sent to the University, and, according to Wood, "became a commoner of Oriel College A. D. 1604, aged 16, and was matriculated as a gentleman's son and a native of the county of Northumberland." There he rapidly advanced in his studies ; and when time called, examination approved him for a graduate. Having afterwards received for a task *Terræ Filius,* his exercise exhibited such signs of proficiency that he received considerable encouragement to pursue his studies, as also a free tender of ample preferment. In this course he re-

mained contented for several years, deriving from the bounteous bosom of Alma Mater and the freedom of those studies no less private comfort than in the voice of others encouragement, until he resolved to set his rest there if it accorded with his parents' liking. In this determination he was soon crossed, being parentally enjoined to turn the course of academic exercises, wherein he had tasted such infinite content, to a profession little suited with his disposition. He who had, according to Wood, "avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smooth ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel," found the flowers of poesy and history could not be easily transplanted and thrive amidst the thorny places and plashes of the Law. Most unwillingly he took leave of the University,*

* "He removed to Cambridge, as it seems, where

and was compelled to address his studies to knowledge as different from his former element as if moulded to some new dialect; for though versed in most tongues, he was in this, he declares, a mere noviciate. Here he remained long, and lightly pro-

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also he spent some time for the sake of dead and living authors."—*Ath. Oxoniensis.* It was probably while at Cambridge that his tutor was Lancelot Andrews, afterwards bishop of Winchester. In *His Farewell to Poetry,* Brathwait delineates the University life in the following lines:

"Much better was my state, and far more free,
When I remain'd i' th' Vniversitie;
Where as I had nought, so I car'd for nought,
But for th' pitch of knowledg, which I sought:
Having both cheerfull sleep, and healthfull ayre,
And stomach too, hows'ere my *commons* were.
What choice delights were then afforded us
In reading Plutarch, Livie, Tacitus,
Or the Stagyrian's rare philosophie,
Whereto the Inds may not compared be
With all their precious oare; for I did finde
No mine on earth could so enrich the minde."

fited ; studying more for acquaintance than knowledge, and still, like others, running deeply in arrears with time and gulling the eyes of opinion with the semblance of a law-gown.

This burst into life, relieved from the shackling lessons of a tutor, and probably far distant from the penetrating eye of a parent, seems to have confirmed his taste for literary composition. However, the effect may best appear in his own words :—

" Amidst these disrelishing studies," he says, " whereto I was rather enforced than enclined ; I bestowed much precious time (better spent than in Tavernes and Brothells) in reviving in mee the long-languishing spirit of Poetrie, with other morall assayes ; which so highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that loose kind of libertie, which through fulnesse of meanes, and licentiousnesse of the age, I saw so

much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved mee sometimes to fit my buskin'd Muse for the Stage;* with other occasionall Presentments or Poems; which being freeborne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into Opinion (but weake is that happinesse that is grounded on Opinion) by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and

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* At this period, when his mind fevered for fame, restlessly toiling to maintain the enviable distinction given him by the finger of notoriety as "one of the wits," the aid of his "buskin'd muse" no doubt assisted his purpose: but whatever he then produced for the stage remains unknown, if not entirely lost. Those pieces by which his name is recorded among the dramatic writers, are founded upon political events that happened after the work above quoted was in print.

spirits of that time) to the Stage; or committed by me to the presse; which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world. Neither did I use these private solaces of my pen, otherwise than as a play onely to the imagination: rather to allay and season more serious studies, than account them any fixt imployment. Nor did I onely bestow my time on these; for I addressed my selfe to subjects of stronger digestion; being such as required more maturitie of judgment, though lesse pregnancie of invention: relishing more of the lampe than those lighter measures which I had formerly penned; wherein I grew as strong in the opinion and reputation of others as before. This I must confesse, begot in mee a glowing heat and conceit of my selfe: but this I held an easie errour, and the more dispensable, because arising from the infirmitie of nature. Howsoever, I can very well remember (and what other

followers can bee to such a remembrancer but penitent teares and incessant feares) that I held it in those dayes an incomparable grace to be styled one of the Wits. Where, if at any time invited to a publique feast, or some other meeting of the Muses, wee hated nothing more than losing time; reserving ever some select houres of that solemnity, to make proofe of our conceits in a present provision of epigrams, anagrams, with other expressive (and many times offensive) fancies.

"But Wits so ill employed were like weapons put into mad mens hands. They hurt much, benefitted little: distasting more than they pleased; for they liked onely such mens palats, as were male-contents, and critically affected. By this time I had got an eye in the world; and a finger in the street. There goes an Author! One of the wits!" *

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* *Spiritval Spicerie,* 1638.

From the Inns of Court he appears to have adventured awhile among the merchants, and finally to have left court and city to turn honest countryman, his parents having settled a competent estate upon him. This determination was made soon after the decease of his father; an event which probably led to an arrangement whereby possession was given, at no very distant period, of the landed property limited and assigned for his use. In the will of the father, as appears in the extracts below,* his early

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* "In the name of God, Amen, the eighteenth of February in the yeare of o^{r} Lord God one thousand six hundred and six: I, Thomas Braithwaite, of Burneshead in the County of Westmerland, Esquier"

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"And also my Will and mynd is that my sonne Richard Braithwait shall contynue in the Univ^{r}sitie of Oxford, and there to applie and followe learning for and during such tyme as my Wife, wth the advise of the more p^{t} of the supviso^{rs} of this my last Will

unsteady volatile habits are partially glanced at, while admonishing him as a favourite

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and Testament, then living, shall thinke meet: And afterwards goe and remayne at the Innes of Court, and there to applie and followe the studie of the lawes of this Realme, so long as he shall well behave himselfe, and diligentlie followe and applie the said studie: as my trust is that he will do. And my mynd is that my wife shall bestowe upon him, yearly, during her life, a competent and reasonable porc'on, at her discretion, for and towards his mayntenance and fynding, so long as he wilbe obedient unto her, and ruled and advised by her, and be of good demeano^{r} and behaviour: the same to be levied in such manner and forme as I have lymitted and appointed by the said Indenture, hereinbefore menc'oned, made between me of thone p'tie, and the said Richard Hutton, Robt Bindlose, Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and Robt Crosfeild, of the other p'tie. And whereas by the same Indenture I have lymitted and appointed unto him certaine lands, tenem^{ts} and hereditam^{ts}, as by the same Indenture more at large appeareth, my will intent and meaning is, that the said lands, tenem^{ts} and hereditam^{ts}, so to him lymitted and as-

and perhaps too much indulged son. The testator's injunction for the completing his

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signed, shalbe and stand for his full advancm^{t} and p'ferm^{t}, and in full recompence and satisfac'on of the filliall or child's porc'on, w'ch should or ought by and after my death, to belong or app'teyne to him of my goods or chattells. Also I will and bequeath unto my three daughters Agnes Lamplughe, Alice Burton, and Mary Briscoe, twenty pounds apeece. And I do will and straightlie charge my two sonnes, Thomas and Richard, that they be kinde, loving, obedient and dutifull to there Mother, and be advised and counselled by her. And I do likewise charge all my daughters that they shalbe kynd, loving and comfortable to her." * * *

"And I do give and bequeath to Dorothie my welbeloved wife all my goods and chattells whatsoev^{r}, hereinbefore not bequeathed, my debts, fun^{r}alls and legacies discharged. And I do make her my sole Executrix. And I do nōiate and appoint Supervisors of this my last Will and Testam^{t}, my welbeloved nephew Richard Hutton, Sergiant at lawe; my welbeloved brother in lawe Robt Bindlose, Esquier; my welbeloved sonnes in lawe Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and John Briscoe, Es-

education at the University, and afterwards to apply and perfect his studies at the Inns of Court, shows the fond hope and confidence entertained of his future proficiency as a scholar and ability as a lawyer. But, as it commonly happens, neither paternal forethought, or the staid admonitions of those clothed with testamentary authority, could stay natural inclination, nor prevent the ambition of our author penning

"A stanza when he should engross."

However, certain it is the death of the father created some family differences, that were only staid in progress by the prudent intervention of friends. He particularly alludes

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quiers; and my nephew, Thomas Braithwait, Gentleman: desireing them, as my trust is in them, that they wilbe aiding and helping to my wife and children, and to see this my last Will and Testament to be p'formed so farr as in them lieth." * * *

Proved at York 28th May, 1610.

to this subject in a dedication to his uncle in 1611, where he refers to "the troubled course of our estates and the favourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now (he adds) so happily confirmed."* In addressing his elder brother he also alludes to the same subject.—"Our ciuill warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction hath prevented the current of ensuing faction," † &c.

He first married, in 1617, Frances daughter of James Lawson of Nesham‡ near Darlington, in the bishoprick of Durham, at which she was born, being the descendant of a very ancient family.§ These cir-

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* *Golden Fleece,* 1611. See p. 176.

† Ibid. See p. 178.

‡ Neare Darlington was my deare darling borne,
Of noble house, which yet beares honor's forme.
Anniversaries upon his Panarete, 1634.

§ Brathwait occasionally introduced in his stories and poems, incidents that happened in his own family

cumstances explain the passages in the

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and life; and many allusions therein imply that the parents, or one of them, for some cause unexplained, objected to or occasioned a deferring of his union with Frances Lawson. In the following letter, written to obtain the license, there seems a laboured ambiguity in endeavouring to assume the especial character of a friend, at the same time using the signature of the father, or that of a near relative or kinsman of the lady, as intending to impose on the notary. However, if fictitious in substance, and an ingenious love-fraud by Brathwait to effect a clandestine marriage, the purpose succeeded; for it was considered authentic by Mr. Hegge the Notary Public, Durham, to whom it was addressed, and the required license immediately granted.

"Mr. Hegge. After my right hartie commendac'ons remembred gr. [greeting] I earnestlie require by a speciall frinde of myne the rather by reason of my acquaintance wth you, to be a meanes for the . . . . . . [procuring] and obteyninge a license for the marriage of a coople wthin . . . . . . [the spiritual] courte at Durham. The p'tyes names to be married ar Richard Brathwayte and Fraunces Lawson whoe I darre assure you of my creditt and as I

Journal, when on his first visit to Nesham, Barnabee says—

Heræ vultu speciosam :

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am verilye p'swaded in confidence, are eache of them free from any other p'contracte, but betwene themselves; and that (as I am crediblye enformed) the same concluded and agreed upon by consent of bothe ther parents: The fees therefor dewe you shall receyue by this bearer: if the same licence must of necessitye express the minister his name in p'ticular who should marrye them (as some saye it ought) wch for my p'te I knowe not, thoughe I have noe directions eyther from the p'tyes themselves, or my s'd frinde to nominate anye, then you may speciallye name Mr. Thomas Thompson p'son of Hurworthe for that purpose: otherwise I pray you lett the license be as generall as may be, and the same I pray you make readye agaynst to morrow that this bearer shall call for the same. Thus requiringe your good frindshippe and furtherance hearin

"I comit you to God and will rest ever
"Your uerye loving freinde

"Nesham this 2 of Maij 1617."

"James Lawson."

And upon the second, *ad Nesham cum uxore :*

Et amamur et amamus.

The license was dated the 2d May, 1617, and granted at the request of Ralph Lambe, servant of James Lawson of Nesham, Esq.; and the marriage ceremony took place at Hurworth, in which parish Nesham is situated, and is a village about three miles from Darlington.*

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* The issue of this union was nine children, viz. Thomas, Robert, James, Richard, Philip, Dorothy, Alice, Agnes, and John.

Thomas the eldest son, who then resided at Ambleside, gave by deed, dated 26 Nov. 1674, a collection of medals to the University of Oxford ; which probably was formed by his father. See Camden's *Britannia* by Gibson, col. 987.

John, the youngest child, was born the 19th February, 1630 : his father hailed the event in some verses appended to the *Whimzies* in the following year as

Living at Burneshead many years, Brathwait "became (says Wood) Captain of a Foot-company in the Trained-Bands,* a

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Clitvs his Genethlia vpon the Birth-day of his sonne John.

Vagiendo vallem intramus,
Suspirando relinquimus.
With shreekes we live, and with a sigh we die;
Thus live we, die we, griefe is ever die.

God bless thee John and make thee such an one,
That I may ioy in calling thee my Son.
Thou art my ninth, and by it I divine
That thou shalt live to love the Muses nine.
And live by loving them: for it were fit
A younger brother had an elder wit—*&c.*

* Probably he held a military appointment about the close of the reign of Charles I., as his loyal exertions in favour of that unfortunate monarch are evinced in many instances; and there is a traditionary belief that he commanded a troop of horse during the Civil Wars. It may also be conjectured that Thomas B., his eldest son, accompanied the royal exile Charles II. to Breda in 1650. The fol-

Deputy-Lieutenant in the county of Westmorland, a Justice of Peace,* and a noted

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lowing official paper is given from an original manuscript *penes me*:—

"Charles R. Our will and pleasure is that you pay and deliver the sum of one hundred gulders to Captaine Braithwaite and the summe of fifty gulders to Captaine Allen for their charges in our seruice which we have directed them to doe. And for so doing this shal be your Warrant. Giuen at Breda the 28^h of May 1650.

"By his Ma^ts command,

"To our trusty and welbeloued Seruant, Sr Edward Walker Kn^t our Receiu^r General." "ROB. LONG."

[Indorsed] "Breda 29^h of May 1650. Receaued then of Sr Edward Walker Kn^t his Maties Receauo^r Generall the full sum of one Hundred Guilders according to his Maties Warrant within written. I say receaved by me

100 Guild^rs. "THO. BRATHWAIT."

"Breda 29 May 1650. Receaued, &c. 50 Guild^rs.

"WILLIAM ALLANE."

* This appointment he obtained very soon after

Wit and Poet. He wrote and published several books in English: consisting of prose and poetry, highly commended in the age wherein published, but since slighted and despised as frivolous matters, and only to be taken into the hands of novices."

Brathwait is little obliged to honest Anthony a Wood for this character. Indeed, though the Biographer is apt to deal largely in this sort of criticism on popular

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his settling in the country. "It pleased the prince," he says, "to put mee in commission for administration of Justice: a vertue and a choyce one too, yet such an one, as by the abuse of man, not of time, may be compared to the Celedony stone, which retaineth her vertue no longer than it is rubbed with gold. For my carriage therein, I appeale to such as knew mee: many imperfections and failings (heaven knowes) accompanyed mee, which by an humble acknowledgement of mine owne wants and an earnest desire of supply by God's grace, became so rectified in mee; as what before seemed crooked, was by that golden rule of his divine will in mee streightned."—*Holy Memorials*, &c.

writers, it is not such as conveys very precise ideas. He has said something of the same kind of Robert Greene and many others. What is its fair import? That our author was a favourite in his day with a higher class of readers than in the succeeding age! And what is this but to have incurred the evils inseparable from the popularity of fashion? It is of the essence of fashion to *descend* in the subjects of its dominion; and to transfer its yoke to the vulgar, at the period when it is thrown off by those of rank and consideration.

To take advantage of temporary topics, and a temporary phraseology, to excite notice, is certainly a strong presumption of a minor genius. It is that "deciduous sort of laurel" ascribed by Wood to Brathwait; but it is the business of an impartial critic to examine whether in this instance (as in many others) it has been justly ascribed by this indiscriminate biographer.

As the author of *Barnabee's Journal*, it will scarcely be denied that he possessed a native and unsophisticated wit and humour, a perspicuity of expression, a dance of imagery, and a facility of metre, which rank him with those, whose talents are calculated to rise above the casual attractions derived from the manners of a single generation, and to command the notice and praise of every age.*

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* Of his style of correspondence I have only obtained a single specimen, and that a letter upon a pecuniary arrangement: however, it is not of less interest or importance than the epistolary scraps now too commonly made public as written by men of talent and genius that have passed the bourn of mortality. The envelope is lost: it is supposed to be addressed to Sir Timothy Hutton, son of the archbishop, who was always in difficulties: he married a daughter of Sir George Bowes;—and the Sir Talbot named is probably Sir Talbot B. brother to his wife; and the brother, Thomas B. of Streatham, Esq.

"Sr. Such small successe did ōr last meeting pro-

Brathwait's wife died March 7th, 1633, and he piously and sincerely mourned the

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duce, as I am wholly disheartned to renew them. Besides, I doe much feare, that in accepting of new propositions, or admitting of any new bargaine, it might fare wth me, as it doth wth unexperienced younglins, who after one arrow lost, or graz'd, shoot another after. Truth is, if these propositions (wch in generall tearmes you expresse in your letter) did probably induce me that they intended any conclusion, I should be the more inclinable unto them: but how farre these have come short formerly of so faire and successive a cloze I appeale unto your knowing selfe. Notwithstanding all this, so strong and impressive a conceite have I ever recyved of your candor and integrity, as I perswadd myselfe that nothing you propound eyther in this particular or in ought else that may tend to honest and competible mediations, but they receive opinion from you of assured successe, at least so probably grounded as they promise no lesse.—If you will be pleased to draw to some head such propositions as you intend, and return them so punctually and definitely as eyther to conclude so or not, I shall out of that respect and observance wch I tender you, not only returne answer to your demandes, but if it shall

event. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgment of her worth and virtues, he published for several years

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be requisite, or that such propositions as you shall make accommodate themselves to any probable end, I shall insert some indifferent place to treate more fully, touching the premizes. Which course, as I conceive is so much the rather to be embraced, in that it prepares the parties what they may object, how to resolve, and in each particular to addresse what they propose to some effectuall conclusion. If some occasions of maine consequence doe not divert my resolves, I purpose (God willing) to be at York Assizes, against wch tyme I suppose upon conference wth Sr Talbot and his brother, you may pitch upon some conclusive resolves : howsoever upon returne of your particular propositions, wch I shall expect with all convenient expedition, I shall addresse my answer unto yourselfe. So wth our best respects unto yourselfe and second selfe,

"I rest

"Your assured loving friend,

"Burneshead this 23 Februarij 1629.

"Ri. Brathwait."

verses as the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete;* and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses,* 1635, he took the advantage of delivering a moral admonition to their infant offspring, by introducing therein "Love's Legacy, or Panarete's Blessing to her Children," which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage because their childhood could not yet conceive it.

After remaining a widower six years he married again, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts of Kirtlington in Yorkshire, Gentleman; who was well jointured, being seised in her own right of the valuable manor of Catterick. He describes her as a widow and a native of Scotland.* Their issue was the gallant

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* In *Panarete's Triumph,* 1641, he says:

But cheerfull is my Panthea, and desires
To feed her fancy with diviner fires.

Strafford Brathwait, who was afterwards knighted, and killed in the ship Mary, under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the Tyger Algerian man of war, which was taken.

Some time after his second marriage he

It cannot her sweet disposition please
To twit her *last Choice* with abilities
Of her *first Husband*: Such discourse, sayes she,
Tasts more of lightnesse then of modestie.

Again—

The church gives her a lesson; and her scorne
Is to be taught in any other forme.
For though, where those grand Covenanters be
She took the place of her Nativitie,
The odious projects she does so despise
As with her needle shee'd pick out their eyes
For want of stronger Armour, to expresse
That loyall love which she did still professe
To Prince and Countrey: this 'twas made me bring
That Scottish posie to her nuptiall ring:
"Thus Twede and Tyne our loyall loves combine,
"Which Twedish factions never shall untwine."

quitted Burneshead,* probably to occupy

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* The fevered state of the times might in part occasion his quitting the family residence at Burneshead. Brathwait was "a subject sworn to loyalty," and not likely under any sway at that lawless period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the Usurper upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. He declares himself to have been "a resolute sufferer for both" sovereign and country," and depicts the very impaired state of his fortune at the Restoration, in a poem addressed "To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion," (1660); which he describes as written "by him, who ever held his intimacy of Loyalty a sufficient reward for all his sufferings; and his house most happy in the hospitality of your [the King's] servants."

"My ruin'd fortunes I shall nere bemone
Though I have felt as much as any one

the Manor house at Catterick.* How long he continued there is not certain. He died

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Of the Delinquent's whip : I'm still the man
I was, before the Civill warrs began ;
Those capitall grand-bugbears had no power
T' affright your servant, though they might devour
That *small remainder* which he then possest,
Wherein they grew *half-sharers* at the least."

* His possession of the manor is confirmed by several documents, and it is probable that with the family of Crofts he had been, long before his second marriage, in close or neighbourly intimacy. —The Rev. Michall Syddall, Vicar of Catterick, appointed by his will Henry Darcy, Esq., Richard Brathwait, Esq., William Thornton, Esq., and Edward Crofts, Gent., Trustees for the conducting of a Free School instituted at Catterick. In Jan. 1663—4, the surviving Trustees were only Richard Brathwait and Edward Crofts, who by Power of Attorney appointed Roger Crofts of Gray's Inn, Gentleman, to treat, determine, and agree with Mrs. Margaret Syddall, all differences and disputes betwixt them : which appear to have arisen on claims made for her son William. This difference was early compromised, but that did not long ensure a quiet execu-

at East Appleton, a small township of and adjoining to Catterick, and where his father-

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tion of the Trusts to the Trustees. It is in such cases of common interest advisable, to prevent endless litigation, that the original powers and regulations of every charity should be defined, and kept, together with an account of the funds, successive appointments, and yearly payments, properly accessible, either as a provincial register or else in some public depository for county archives. Such a measure would preserve the funds of the charities from the peculation of individuals appointed as officers therein, and undue partiality of acting Trustees. Another evil might also be prevented, now rapidly increasing; that of inquisitive strangers, or relators as they are legally defined, who, under the shallow pretence of correcting abuses, are rapidly undermining our national religion. Who were the individuals Brathwait had to contend with is uncertain: we only know that the Puritans of that day were as pertinacious meddlers as the Dissenters are now; and therefore, probably, his rights and powers were sought to be wrested from him by neighbours of that description. In March 1672—3 the surviving Trustees elected Sir Christopher Wandesford, Bart., and Ma. Norton, Esq., in the room of William

in-law then resided. That event happened on the fourth day of May, 1673; and he was buried on the seventh of the same month in the parish church of Catterick, where a neat mural monument was erected to his memory on the north side of the chancel.

He left behind him, says Wood, "the

Thornton and Henry Darcy, deceased, as persons qualified according to the will of the Donor, and as "succeeding them in their estates in the said parish;" and they at the same time approved, under hand and seal, "Ralph Cottingham, Master of Arts, to be Master of the Free Schoole." It seems doubtful if the election was admitted; and the right of appointment was warmly resisted. Mr. Norton in a letter to Mr. Crofts, dated 12 April, 1673, remarks: "Mr. Brathwite being chiefe Lord of the Man[r] of Catterick I suspecte will not waue such a flower for its charyty and peyety in the adorning and wraping vp of the garland of the rest of his royalties there, and p'myt the same to be disposed of by other of his Nighbours without his App[r]bation, contrary to the doner's intention, to which a just regard ought to be had."

character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour;" and there might be added, a consistent christian* and upright man. A

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* The ways of his youth, those transient wanderings, proved afterwards the offspring of many bitter reflections. The undue waste of the Sabbath he laments thus in the *Penitent Pilgrim*:—"Thou needest no arguments to perswade thee that the Sabbath is morall; being so far from making it *Evangelicall*, thou didst make it thy day to satisfie thy lusts. At best thou thoughtst thyself well imployed that day, if thou bestowed it upon sight of a Wake, a Morrice dance, or the sociable frequent of an Alehouse. Yet had it beene better for thee to have *digg'd*, then have *danced*; to have plow'd, then so to have *unhallow'd* this holy day the *Sabbath*. How carefull wouldst thou be of observing a profane meeting; where God was never remembred but in Oaths! Such merry Meetings might not be forgotten: the end whereof was to forget God and his Judgments: and if it were possible, to put farre from them the evill day. But as the fumes of drinke begot forgetfulnesse in the evening: so the sense of sinne begot bitternesse in the morning."—P. 81.

description of his person has descended orally, as also of his dress, by which the trim fashion of his green years added comeliness to his grey hairs. Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature; well proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day; remarkable for ready wit and humour; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties by it. He commonly wore a light grey coat, red waistcoat, and leather breaches. His hat was a high-crowned one, and beyond what was common in those days, when such hats were worn.* His equals in life

* An opinion has been entertained that the whole-length figure introduced in the engraved title to the *English Gentleman* represents the author. The first edition in 1630 exhibits the rich dress of a courtier of that period: which in the third edition, 1641, is altered; and the boots, spurs, sword, belt, and cloak, show the heavy serviceable habiliments worn

in those formidable times by the warlike cavalier. He also wears in the first a very broad-brimmed hat, and in the latter a remarkable high-crowned hat; which may support the presumption, though it does not prove it was a portrait of Brathwait. The following passage, from a very uncommon tract, will show the value of that article of dress when full trimmed :—"I saw," says the author, "a complete Gentleman of late, whose Beuer-hat cost xxxvii.*s.* a feather xx.*s.* the hatband iij.*li.* and his ten double Ruffe iiij.*li.* : thus the head and necke onely were furnished, and that but of one suite, for ix.*li.* xvii.*s.* Now taking the proportion of the brauery for the rest of the body; the cloak lined with veluet, daubed ouer with gold lace two fingers broad, the sattin doublet and hose in like sort decked, the silke stockings, with costly garters hanging downe to the small of the legge, the Spanish shooes with glittering roses, the girdell and Steletto; I leaue it to those that herein know more than I, and can speak of greater brauery than this, to cast vp the totall summe: wherein also (as an appurtanant) they may remember his Mistris suited at his charge, and cast vp both summes in one. But on the contrary, I observed but 60 years since, generally a man full as

*Dick**, by which he was universally known.

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good or better in ability than this complete, lusty looking lad, whose hat and band cost but v.*s.* and his ruffe but xii.*d.* at the most. So you see the difference of these summes; the one ix.*li.* xvii.*s.* the other vi.*s.* Then after this proportion, the whole attire of the one cost about 30 times as much as the attire of the other: forget not also that the one lasteth three times as long as the other; subiect to change as fashions change. . . . . . Of late the broad brimmd hat came suddainely in fashion, and put all other out of countenance and request; and happy were they that could get them soonest, and be first seene in that fashion; so that a computation being made, there is at the least 300000.*li.* or much more, in England onely bestowed in broad brimmd hats, within one yeare and en halfe. As for others, either Beuer or Felts, they were on the suddaine of no reckoning at all: in so much, that my selfe (still continuing one fashion) I bought a Beuer hat for v.*s.* which the yeare before could not be had vnder 30.*s.*"—*The present state of England expressed in this Paradox, Our Fathers were very rich with little, and Wee poore with much. Written by Walter Cary. London,* &c. 1627. 4to.

* In Mr. Wilson's copy it is said, "he was usually called Dagger Dick."

In disposition he was as admirable as in person; and always taking, from the gaiety of his heart, a conspicuous part in the neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas, those good times gone by long beheld him the darling of that side of the country.

By a nuncupative will Braithwait left the whole of his personal property to his youngest son "Sir Strafford Brathwait, Knight, de Catterick," which was valued as exceeding seven hundred pounds. His real estates probably passed by marriage settlement.

Two portraits of our author were published in 1638. By the one prefixed to the *Nursery for Gentry*, subscribed *Ætatis* 48, with the motto *Meliori nascimur ævo,* he appears then to have enjoyed the bloom of life and full vigour of constitution. The other is given in the engraved title to the *Psalms,* where he has a more

aged appearance ; probably adopted as the sedate christian moralist,—a character he seemed desirous uniformly to sustain in all his serious and religious pieces. In the original it forms a medallion or oval, and is rather laconically subscribed *Quanquamô* xl.

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

It will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desir'd by a *gentlewoman* to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanc'd upon Drunken Barnaby, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; where-

upon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as myself. What I can gather of the *author* is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a place call'd *Harrington*, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for *name-sake*, so that I conclude his name was BARNABY HARRINGTON. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arriv'd at *Appleby* in *Westmoreland*, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in

Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turn'd farmer, and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the *reader* pleas'd, as I was.

EDITOR LECTORI.

Quum primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod et tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nomine vel authoris, vel bibliopolæ, vel typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse

ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum Collegii Reginensis apud *Oxonienses,* quod innuit etiam authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

> Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning,
> Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, et perlecto judicabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis ludicre

in errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede ?
Quid si carmen claudo pede ?
Quid si noctem sensi diem ?
Quid si veprem esse viam ?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
" *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

Vale et ride affatim, Lector.

LOYAL PHEANDER

TO HIS

ROYAL ALEXANDER.

The title, noble friend, of *Ale-xander,*
Were it nought else, implies a great *com-*
mander :
And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhime :
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,
Whose *head* makes such iambicks with his
heel.

UPON THE ERRATAS.

READER, think no wonder by it,
If with town I've town supplied;
If my metre's backward nature
Set before what shou'd be later:
"As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's?*
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's?*
What tho' *graves* become *ácute* too?
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly?
What tho' seat with seat I've strained?
What tho' my limp verse be maimed?
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too?
What tho' I've made briers my way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,
'*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

AD

VIATOREM.

Oppida dum peragras, peragrando poemata spectes,
Spectando titubes, *Barnabe*, nomen habes.

TO THE

TRAVELLER.

Towns while thou walkest
  And see'st this poetry,
And seeing, stumblest,
  Thou art Barnaby.

AD

TRANSLATOREM.

Pessimus est cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
Ast hic *translator* corii peramabilis actor,
Qui rhythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

TO THE

TRANSLATOR.

THAT paltry patcher is a bold translator,
Whose *awl* bores at the *words* but not the *matter*:
But *this translator* makes good use of leather,
By stitching *rhyme* and *reason* both together.

INDEX OPERIS.

Mulciber, Uva, Venus, redolens *ampulla,*
Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

Sic me *Parnassi* deserta per ardua *dulcis*
Raptat amor——

THE

INDEX OF THIS WORK.

Vulcan, Grape, Venus,
Bottle, Silen's hook,
Have all explained
The title of this book.
Thus through vast deserts,
Promontories wild,
Parnassus-love draws
Bacchus' only child.

BARNABÆ HARRINGTONI

ET NUNC ET DUDUM DECANTATI

ITINERARIUM

BOREAM QUATER RETROVERSUS.

Pars Prima.

Mirtillus et *Faustulus* Interlocutores.

MIRTIL.

O *Faustule!* tende palmam,
Accipe calicem vitibus almam;
Tunc vinctus es dolore?
Uvæ tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

THE FAMOUS

BARNABY HARRINGTON'S TRAVELS TO THE NORTH,

FOUR TIMES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Part the First.

Mirtillus and *Faustulus,* a Dialogue.

MIRTIL.

O LITTLE *Faustus!* stretch thy hand out,
Take thy liquor, do not stand out;
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour?
Let rich wine advance thy colour.
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drink down care, and thou'lt be wiser.

O *Faustule,* dic amico
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto,
Propinasti, queis tabernis,
An in terris, an Avernis?

FAUSTUL.

O *Mirtille!* baculum fixi
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In pistrinis, in popinis,
In coquinis, in culinis,
Huc, et illuc, istic, ibi,
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu boreali,
Ut processi ab australi,
Veni *Banbury,* O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,

Little *Faustus*, tell thy true heart,
In what region, coast, or new part,
Field or fold thou hast been bousing,
Without linen, bedding, housing;
In what tavern, pray thee show us,
Here on earth, or else below us?

FAUSTUS.

O *Mirtillus!* I will shew thee
Thousand places since I saw thee,
In the bakehouse I had switching,
In the tap-house, cook-shop, kitchen;
This way, that way, each way shrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my progress travelling northward,
Taking farewell of the southward,
To *Banbury* came I, O prophane-one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one

Felem facientem furem,
Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

Veni *Oxon*, cui comes
Est *Minerva*, fons *Platonis;*
Unde scatent peramœne
Aganippe, *Hippocrene;*
Totum fit *Atheniense*,
Imo *Cornu Reginense*.

Inde *Godstow*, cum amicis,
Vidi tumbam meretricis;
Rosamundam tegit humus,
Pulvis et umbra corpore sumus;
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.

Inde *Woodstock*, quo spectandum
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt; sed spectare nollem.
Reperi vivam hospitem mollem;

Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose companion
Is *Minerva*, well *Platonian :*
From whose seat do stream most seemly,
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Each thing there's the *Muse's minion,*
The Horn at Queen's speaks pure *Athenian.*

Thence to *Godstow*, with my lovers,
Where a tomb a strumpet covers ;
Rosamund lies there interr'd,
Flesh to dust and shades compar'd ;
Lie he above, or lie she under,
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,
Where a labyrinth's reported ;
No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender housewife that did love me ;

Gratior sociis est jocundis,
Mille mortuis *Rosamundis*.

Veni *Barkley*, ubi natus
Stirpe vili magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, "Male agis,
Bibe minus, ede magis."

Veni *Daintree* cum puella,
Procerum celebre *duello*.
Ibi bibi in caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec *creta* fregit fidem.

Veni *Leicester* ad *Campanam*,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me custodes,

And her guests more sweetly eyeing,
Than thousand *Rosamonds* a dying.

From thence to *Barkley*, as did beseem one,
The may'r I saw, a wondrous mean one,
Sitting, thatching, and bestowing
On a wind-blown house a strawing;
On me call'd he, and did charm me,
"Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee."

Thence to *Daintree* with my *jewel*,
Famous for a *noble duel*,
Where I drank, and took my common
In a tap-house with my woman:
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leicester*,
Where strong ale my brains did pester;
First night besure I was admitted
By the watchmen I was whipped,

Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Veni *Gotham*, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra lunam,
Alteram nitidum puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.

Veni * *Nottingham*, tyrones
Sherwoodenses sunt latrones,

---

* Mortimeriados morti dos, gloria pulvis,
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges.
Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

Clamat tempus, Edo, vocemque repercutit echo,
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit ego.

O vos heroes ! attendite fata sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris !
Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis,
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

Black and blue like any tetter,
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, sure am I,
Though not all fools, I saw many;
Here a she-bull found I prancing,
And in moon-shine nimbly dancing:
There another wanton mad one,
Who her hog was set astride on.

Thence to **Nottingham*, where rovers,
Highway riders, *Sherwood* drovers,

---

* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust,
His courts are clad with grass, his hall with rust,
His stairs steep steps, his horse-troughs cisterns are,
Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cries, *I eat*, and echo answers it:
But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O heroes! of these heroes take a view;
They're to their fathers gone, and so must you!
Of better clay you are not than these men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Instar *Robin Hood* et servi
Scarlet et *Joannis Parvi ;*
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.

Veni *Mansfield,* ubi noram
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum.
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam et ancillam.

Veni * *Overbowles,* ubi † *Dani*
Habitarunt tempore *Jani ;*
Pater oppidanus callis
Circumcirca clausus vallis,

---

* Temporibus Jani sedes fuit ultima † Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Like old *Robin Hood,* and *Scarlet,*
Or like *Little John* his varlet;
Here and there they shew them doughty,
In cells and woods to get their booty.

Thence to *Mansfield,* where I knew one,
That was a comely and a true one,
With her a naked compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I;
Town and her I left both, doubtful
Lest my love had made her fruitful.

Thence to **Overbowles,* where †*Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus;*
Way to th' town is well dispos'd,
All about with trenches clos'd;

---

* In *Janus'* time was † *Danus* seated here,
As by their pales and trenches may appear.

Castris, claustris, et speluncis
Tectus cœcis, tectus juncis.
Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia hospes erat templo,
Intrans vidi sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo poculis notum.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veste trita;
Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
Fregit pedibus * suggestum.
Qua occasione nacta
Tota grex † expurgefacta,

---

* Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.
Lucret.

† O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Pallisadoes hid with bushes,
Rampires overgrown with rushes.
On a feast-day I came thither,
When good people flock'd together,
Where (induc'd by host's example)
I repair'd unto the temple,
Where I heard the preacher gravely,
With his red nose tipt most bravely.

Dormice-like the people seem'd,
Though he cry'd, they sleeping dream'd;
For his life, tho' there was harm in't,
Heart was less rent than his garment:
With his feet he did so thunder,
That the * pulpit fell asunder.
Which occasion having gotten
All † awake, the pulpit broken,

---

* The fragments of each pulpit they were pleas'd
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. *Lucret.*

† Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,
Let not your preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pransum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem sequor non pastorem.

Veni *Clowne,* ubi vellem
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem *Vulcani,*
Quæ me hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.

Veni *Rothram* usque *Taurum,*
Et reliqui ibi aurum,
Diu steti, sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, docte
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni *Doncaster,* ubi sitam
Vidi levem et *Levitam,*

While the preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boards than beards surrounded;
All to dinner, who might faster,
So among them I left pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my skin for liquor;
None was there to entertain us,
But a nogging of *Vulcanus;*
Who afford't me welcome plenty,
Till my seam-rent purse was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly roared,
Till on bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence asham'd, while forehead smarted,
I by night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Donc'ster,* who'll believe it?
Both a *light-one* and a *Levite,*

Quæ vieta et vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.

Veni * *Aberford*, ubi notum
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes sunt et indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

---

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hospitium suscepimus quidam acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit; in cujus memoriam hoc inscriptum comperimus epitaphium:

—— O mors crudelis!
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti
Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quam tu de eo fecisti.

There I view'd; too, too aged,
Yet to love so far engaged,
That on earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to * *Aberford*, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning;
Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of liquor very greedy;
Had they never so much plenty,
Belly'd make their purses empty.

---

* At such time as we sojourn'd in this poor village, it chanc'd that a certain pinner, and of the choicest of all his flock, being choak'd with pin-dust, dy'd; to whose memory we find this epitaph recorded:

——— O cruel death!
To rob this man of breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

☛ Veni * *Wetherb*, ubi visam
Clari ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcepitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverso cursu, sero
Quod audissem de *Pindero*
Wakefeeldensi, gloria mundi,
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peragrare
Georgii fustem visitare.

Veni *Wakefeeld* peramœnum,
Ubi quærens *Georgium Grenum*,

---

* In *Corneolo Angiportu*,
Sub amœniore hortu
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretricia precans sporta.

Thence to **Wetherb*, where an apt one
To be *punk* unto a captain
I embrac'd, as I had got it,
But door creak'd, and captain smoak'd it;
Took me by th' ears, and so drew me,
Till head-long down stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder
To salute the *Wakefield Pindar;*
Who indeed is the world's glory,
With his *comrades* never sorry,
This was the cause, lest you should miss it,
George's Club I meant to visit.

Strait at *Wakefield* I was seen a,
Where I sought for *George à Green* a;

---

* Near *Horn Alley*, in a garden,
A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*
Sojourns, one that scorns a wast-coat,
Wooing clients with her basket.

Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi *Georgii* signum,
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec *Georgio* fortior eram.

Veni *Bradford*, cessi foris
In familiam amoris,
Amant istæ et amantur,
Crescunt et multiplicantur,
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni *Kighley*, ubi montes
Mintantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt sodales,
Festivantes et jucundi,
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Veni *Giggleswick*, parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis;

But cou'd find not such a creature,
Yet on a sign I saw his feature ;
Where strength of ale had so much stir'd me,
That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,
In family where love oft center'd :
They love, are lov'd, and make no shew,
Yet still grow, and do encrease too :
Furnish'd with their sprightly weapons ;
She-flesh feels priests are no capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountains,
Steepy-threat'ning, lively fountains ;
Rising hills, and barren vallies,
Yet *bon-socio's* and good fellows ;
Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
As they were the world's controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril :

Ibi * vena prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An à sale vel arena.

Veni *Clapham*, unus horum
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi halecem promisit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni † *Ingleton*, ubi degi
Donec fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,

---

* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit et refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.

† Pyxis inest fano, fanum sub acumine Collis,
Collis ab elatis actus et actus auctus aquis.

Near to th' way as a traveller goes,
A fresh * spring both ebbs and flows:
Neither know the learn'd that travel,
What procures it, *salt* or *gravel.*

Thence to *Clapham,* drawing nigher,
He that was the common cryer;
☞ To a breakfast of one herring
Did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I drink bestow'd,
Pledges of the love we ow'd.

Thence to † *Ingleton,* where I liv'd
Till I brake a blacksmith's head,
Which done, women rush'd in on me,
Stones like hail shower'd down upon me:

---

* Near th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,
A fresh spring ebbs and flows all hours o' th' day.

† The poor-man's box is in the temple set,
Church under hill, the hill by waters bet.

Queis perculsus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.

Veni *Lonesdale,* ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam ;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni *Cowbrow,* vaccæ collem,
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni *Natland,* eo ventus,
Eboraci qui contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,

Whence astonish'd fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale,* where I view'd
An hall, which like a tavern shew'd;
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimfull, no thought of careing:
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow,* truth I'll tell ye,
Mine hostess had a supple belly,
Body plump, and count'nance chearful,
Reeling peace (a welcome fearful)
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland,* b'ing come thither,
He who *York's* contempts did gather,
Gave me harbour light as feather,
We both drank and eat together,

Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa *May-pole* plebe lusi.

Veni *Kirkland*, veni *Kendall*,
Omnia hausi, vulgo *spend-all*,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
"Tege caput, tende manum,
Manu caput fit insanum."

His relictis, *Staveley* vidi,
Ubi tota nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi cœtus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec *Barnabæ* rediturus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

Till half tipsy, as it chanced,
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which men call *spend-all*:
Night and day with sociates many,
I drank ale both thick and clammy.
"Shroud thy head boy, stretch thy hand too,
Hand has done what head can't stand to."

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all night drinking am I,
Always frolick, free from yellows,
With a consort of good fellows;
Where I'll stay, and end my journey
Till brave *Barnaby* return a.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN

BACCHI THYRSUM

ET

BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA:

ALIAS,

NASUTUM DILEMMA.

HÆDERA læta bono non est suspensa falerno,
Thyrsus enim *Bacchi, Barnabæ* nasus erit.
Non opus est thyrso, non frondi virent cupressi,
Si non thyrsus erit, *Barnabæ* nasus olet.

COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrsus, thyasus; cyathus tibi thyrsus et ursus,
Thyrsus quo redoles ursus ut intus oles.

UPON

BACCHUS'S BUSH

AND

BARNABY'S NOSE;

AN EPIGRAM:

OR, THE

LONG-SNOUTED DILEMMA.

GOOD wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let *Bacchus*' bush be *Barnaby's* rich nose.
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green,
Barnaby's nose may for a bush be seen.

COROLLARY.

No bush, no garland; pot's thy *bush* and *bear*:
Of *bear* and *bush* thou smellest all the year.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Pars II.

MIRTIL.

FAUSTE (*Fastule*) rediisti,
Narra (precor) quo venisti,
Villos, vicos visitasti,
Cœtus, situs peragrasti,
Certe scis ab aquilone,
Multum mali, parvum boni.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Part II.

MIRTIL.

YOUNG *Fauste*, happily returned ;
Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned ;
What towns, villages thou'st viewed,
What seats, sights, or states were shewed :
Sure thou know'st the *north's* uncivil,
Small good comes thence, but much evil.

FAUSTUL.

Ille ego sum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, vestes nondum
Sunt mutatæ, nam recessi,
Calceamentis queis discessi,
Neque pectine usus fui,
Sic me *meis* juvat frui.
Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
* Pontes, fontes, montes, valles,
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
Castas, cautas, meretrices.
Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior sum quam eram,
Uno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minus sanus, magis æger.

---

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

FAUSTUL.

What I was once, same I am now,
Hair, conditions, garments too;
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shoes I went out with:
And for comb I ne'er us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my money.
But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, fountains, mountains, vallies,
Huts, cells, hillocks, highways, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,
Chaste, choice, chary, merry wenches.
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer am not, nor yet poorer;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season;
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthier nor sicker.

---

* *England*, amongst all nations, is most full
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wool.

Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum
Semper duxi : mori mallem
Nobilem quam vitare allam :
" Sobrius similis apparet agno,
Ebrius *Alexandro Magno.*"
Leviore nam Mæandro
Capite capto, sum *Lysandro :*
Multo fortior, et illæsùm
Puto me capturum *Rhesum :*
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad progressum.

Primò occurrit peregranti
* Oppidum *Joannis Ganti,*
Sedes nota et vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,

---

* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus ;
Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura rogis.

For the world, I so far prize it,
But for liquor I'd despise it:
Thousand deaths I'd rather die too,
Than old ale mine enemy too:
"Sober, lamb-like do I wander,
Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*."
When my head feels its Mæander,
I am stronger than *Lysander*:
Th' Isle of *Ree*, I little fear it,
Without wound to win and wear it:
But lest tedious I express me,
To my *progress* I'll address me.

First place where I first was known-a,
Was brave *John à Gant's* old * town-a:
A seat antiently renowned,
But with store of beggars crowned;

---

* An antient arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.

Veni *Ashton*, ubi vinum,
Militem, et heroinam,
Clarum, charum, et formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi, mersi mero musam,
Donec pes amisit usum.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi malè
Intrans forum bestiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc et illuc cum amico,
In juvencæ dorsum rui
Cujus cornu læsus fui.

Veni *Preston*, ductus eram
Ad bacchantem *Banisterum*,
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati:

For a *gaoler* ripe and mellow,
The world has not such a fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the wine, brave knight, bright lady;
All I saw was comely, specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious;
My muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk'd, my legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garstang*, pray you hark it,
Ent'ring there a great beast-market;
As I jogged on the street,
'Twas my fortune for to meet
A young heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To brave *Banister's* to bed-a;
As two born and bred together,
We were presently sworn brether:

Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Veni *Euston*, ubi hospes
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit *Phillis.*

Veni *Wigan* prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit et jocunda;
Sparsit *anus* intellectum,
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

Veni *Newton in Salictis,*
Ubi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat * *Rosa,*

---

* Quam *Rosa* spiravit! sed odoribus *Aquilo* flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Seven days were there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euston*, where mine hostess
Feels as soft as any toast is ;
Juicy, lusty, count'nance toothsome ;
Braided hair, but breath most loathsome ;
Her I left with locks of amber ;
Phyllis light me to my chamber.

Thence to *Wigan* about supper,
To an hostess, none more slutter ;
Buxom was she, yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for company too ;
Wit this beldame soon did scatter,
And in bed distill'd her water.

Thence to *Newton in the Willows*,
Where being boulster'd up with pillows,
I at cards play'd with a girl,
* *Rose* by name, a dainty pearl :

---

* Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a north wind toss'd,
She sap, scent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni *Warrington*, profluentes
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi terris quam in aquis,
Vixi laute, bibi læte,
Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni *Budworth* usque *Gallum*,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi *Thomam Gandi*,
Holmi petii *Sacellum*,
Ubi conjugem et puellam

At centy-foot I often moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to th' town were rowed;
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on land than water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drank strong ale as brown as berry;
Till at last with deep healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled:
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two porters well supported.

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest host *Tom Gandi*,
To *Holm Chapel* forthwith set I,
Maid and hostess both were pretty,

Vidi pulchras, licet sero
Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Hinc ad *Tauk-a-Hill* perventum,
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, *Cythera* sponte
Cornua fixit *Lemnia* fronte.

Novo-Castro Subter-linum,
Mulsum propinavi vinum;
Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni *Stone* ad *Campanam,*
Vidi * *Deliam* non *Dianam:*
Hic suspectam habens vitam
Pastor gregis, jesuitam;

---

* O mellea ea Delia!

But to drink took I affection,
I forgot soon their complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* resort I,
An hill steepy, slippery, dirty:
Smith with me being well acquainted,
Drank with me till's brains were tainted.
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,
She'd shoe-horn her *Vulcan's* forehead.

At *Newcastle Under-line*-a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt wine-a:
None o' th' *wicked* there remained,
Weekly lectures were proclaimed:
Chastity they roughly handle,
While blind zeal snuffs out the candle.

Thence to th' *Bell* at *Stone* strait drew I,
* *Delia,* no *Diana* saw I:
By the parson I was cited,
Who held me for jesuited;

* O my honeysuckle *Delia!*

Me censebat, sed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.

Haywood properans malignam,
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi hospes ; sid quid restat ?
Calices haurire præstat :
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni *Ridgelay*, ubi faber,
Cui liquor summus labor,
Mecum bibit ; nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit oceanus in lecto.

Veni *Bruarton*, *Claudi* domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem ;

In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
Mine hostess give me brawn at night-a:
But, what's that unto the matter?
Whiskins sorted with my nature:
To brave *Bacchus* no gift quicker
Than meat changed to strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay,* where a blacksmith
(Liquor being all he'd take with)
Bouzed with me; midnight waking,
And a looking-glass there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton,* old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us;
Where I heard a woful bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating:

Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes instar vini.

Inde * *Litchfield* properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscœnum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam ;
Hausto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni *Coleshill*, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursa mordet ;
Sed ut lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni *Meredin*, meri-die,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,

---

* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Neighbour rode for his default-a,
While I dy'd my front with malt-a.

Thence to * *Litchfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A curmudgeon rich, but nasty,
To a supper on a pasty:
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the miser lended.

Thence to *Coleshill*, to a shamble,
Like an old fox, did I ramble
Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,
All while cursed bear was biting:
But the butcher having made
The fire his bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,
Where grown foot-sore, and sore weary.

---

* Enclos'd with cliffs, trees, grass, and artichokes,
The fruitful vale up to the temple looks.

Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi ;
Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

Veni *Coventry*, ubi dicunt
Quod *Cæruleum-filum* texunt,
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim emi foro,
Nec discrevi juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni *Dunchurch* per latrones
Ad lurcones et lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem ;
Etsi dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus viator.

Mane *Daintry* ut venissem,
Corculum quod reliquissem,

I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan*-a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a :
There we drank, and no guest cross'd us,
Till I took host for th' hostess.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis said-a
Coventry-blue is only made-a ;
This I know not, for sure am I,
In no market bought I any :
Bacchus made me such a scholar,
Black or blue, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is
Of pimps and punks a great resort is ;
But to me none such appeared,
Thief nor bung-hole I ne'er feared :
Tho' curmudgeons have fears plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,
But not the wench I left behind me :

Avide quærens per musæam,
Desponsatam esse eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
"Vale (dixi) *Proselyta.*"

Veni *Wedon*, ubi varii
Omnis gentis tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
"Solvite sodales læti,
"Plus * reliqui quam accepi."

Veni *Tosseter* die Martis,
Ubi baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.

---

* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

Near the school-house where I boused,
Her I sought, but she was 'spoused,
Which I having heard that night-a,
"Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta.*"

Thence to *Wedon,* where I tarry'd
In a waggon to be carried;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' world turns round-a:
"Pay, good fellows, I'll pay nought here,
I have left * more than I brought here."

Thence to *Tosseter* on Tuesday,
Where an artful batchelor choos'd I
To consort with; we ne'er budged,
But to *Bacchus'* revels trudged:
All the night-long sate we at it,
Till we both grew heavy-pated.

---

* My queasy stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

Veni *Stratford*, ubi *Grenum*
Procis procam, *Veneris* venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
* Verdor oris perit rugis;
Flos ut víret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.

Tenens cursum et decorum,
Brickhill, ubi *Juniorem*
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo sapientum;
Sonat vox ut *Philomela*,
Ardet nasus ut candela.

Hocklahole ut accessissem,
Cellam *Scyllam* incidissem,
Antro similem Inferni,
Aut latibulo *Lavernæ*:

---

* Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo!
Nomine si vireo, vere tamen pero.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank* Green*-a,
Dantiest doe that e'er was seen-a,
Venus varnish, me saluted,
But no beauty long can suit it;
Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her wooer 'vadeth.

Holding on my journey longer,
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*
I arriv'd; one, by this cheese-a
Stil'd the eighth wise-man of *Greece*-a,
Voice more sweet than *Progne's* sister,
Like a torch his nose did glister.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Dark as th' cave of *Pluto's* station,
Or *Laverna's* habitation:

---

* *Green* is my name, from him whom I obey,
But tho' my name be green, my head is grey.

Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quam *Orlando*.

Veni *Dunstable*, ubi mures
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii mansit mulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni *Redbour*, ubi mimi
Neq; medii, neq; primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,
* Convivalem cecinit odem,
Heus tu corrige diploidem.

ACTOR.

* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

AUCTOR.

Diplois spatio lataque medio,
Corrige diploidem ægregie nebulo.

Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando.*

Thence to *Dunstable,* all about me,
Mice within, and thieves without me :
But no fear affrights deep drinkers,
There I toss'd it with my skinkers :
Not a drop of wit remained
Which the bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redbourn,* where were players
None of *Roscius'* active heirs :
Prologue crown'd with wreath of ivy,
Jetted like an ape most lively :
I told them sitting at the * banquet,
They should be canvas'd in a blanket.

ACTOR.

* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es of sun-dry ta-ast,

AUTHOR.

Even so is thy doo-blet too long i'th' wa-ast ;
Go mend it, thou knave, go mend it.

Illinc stomacho inani
Petii oppidum * *Albani,*
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad *Londinum*
Manum manu cepi mea,
Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni *Barnet* signo *Bursæ,*
Ubi convenissent ursi,
Propinquanti duo horum
Parum studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni *Highgate,* quo prospexi
† Urbem perdite quam dilexi,

---

* Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

† Tot colles *Romæ,* quot sunt spectacula *Trojæ,*
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo !
Ista manet *Trojæ* spectacula: 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes, 3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa, 7. Leones.

From thence with a stomach empty,
To the town of * *Albane* went I,
Where with wine I was so undone,
As the *hand* which guides to *London*
In my blind hand I received,
And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the bears were come to town-a:
Two rude hunks, 'tis truth I tell ye,
Drawing near them, they did smell me:
And like two mishapen wretches,
Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
† City I so dearly loved,

---

* Here *Alban* was; his tomb, his title too;
"All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now."

† Seven hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be
Seven sights in *New-Troy* crave our memory:
1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-Hall* Giants, 3. Stage-plays, 4. *Bethl'hem* Poor,
5. Ostrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

Hic tyronibus exosum
Hausi *Cornu tortuosum*,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Veni *Holloway*, *Pileum rubrum*,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me *Adonidem* vocant omnes
Meretrices *Babylonis*;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulsant.

Veni *Islington* ad *Leonem*,
Ubi spectans histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-bury

And th' *Horn of Matriculation*
Drank to th' freshmen of our nation ;
To his memory saluted
Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway, Mother Red-cap*
In a troop of trulls I did hap ;
Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called ;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Islington* at *Lyon*,
Where a juggling I did 'spy one
Nimble with his mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sporting :
Creeping into th' case of's viol,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a fury,
To the *Axe* in *Alderm'n-bury*

Primo petii, qua exosa
Sentina, *Holburni Rosa*
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli *Gryphem Veteris Baily ;*
Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias indies specto,
Quo victurus, donec æstas
Rure curas tollet mœstas ;
Festus *Faustulus* et festivus,
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
Ego etiam et sodales
Nunc *Galerum Cardinalis*
Visitantes, vi *Minervæ*
Bibimus ad *Cornua Cervi,*
Sed *Actæon* anxius horum,
Luce separat uxorem.

Sub sigillo *Tubi* fumantis
Et *Thyrsi* flammantis,
Motu *Mulciberi* naso-flagrantis.

First arriv'd, that place slighted,
I at the *Rose* in *Holborn* lighted :
From the *Rose* in flaggons sail I
To th' *Griffin* i'th' *Old Baily :*
Where no sooner do I 'waken
Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken ;
Where I lodge, and am no starter
Till I see the summer quarter.
Pert is *Faustulus*, and pleasing,
Cup brim-full, and corpse in season :
Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do fly to,
Where at *Harts-horns* we carouse it,
As *Minerva* doth infuse it :
But *Actæon*, sick o'th' yellows,
Mews his wife up from good-fellows.

Under th' sign of *Pipe* still fuming,
And the *Bush* for ever flaming ;
Mulciber the motion moving,
With nose-burning master shaming.

Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fere tobacco;
Uti libet, tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti fiet, nota certa
Qua delineatur charta.

Τέλος, sine *telis* non *typis*.

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

A shop neighbouring near *Iacco,*
Where *Young* vends his old *tobacco :*
As you like it ; sometimes sealed,
Which impression's since repealed :
As you make it ; he will have it,
And in chart and front engrave it :

Harmless, but no artless end
Cloze I here unto my friend.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

IN ERRATA

INTER *Accipitrem* et *Buteonem*,
Juxta phrasem percommunem,
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui *errata ;*
Quæ si corrigas (candide lector)
Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, disco.

JAM *Venus vinis* reditura *venis,*
Jam *Venus venis* peritura plenis,
Nam *Venus venis* patitur serenis,
Nectare plenis.

UPON THE ERRATA.

Betwixt *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, O man,
After th' phrase of speech so common,
Having seen this *Journal* at print,
I found these *erratas* in't;
Which if you correct, kind reader,
Nectar be thy muse's feeder.

From the head unto the foot,
Nought but *error*, look unto't.

This observation have I found most true;
Erring, I learn my errors to subdue.

Now *Venus*' pure *veins* are with *wines* inflamed,
Now *Venus*' full *veins* are by *wines* restrained,
For *Venus*' swoln *veins* are by *Morpheus* chained,
From folly wained.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Pars III.

MIRTIL.

Io *Faustule!* gratulantur
Quid te amant et amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum!
Spreta curia, pone curam,
Narra vias, quas calcasti,
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Part III.

MIRTIL.

WHOUP *Faustulus!* all draw nigh thee,
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,
Joying in thy safe returning!
Leave court care, and fruitless mourning:
Way th'ast walked, prithee shew it,
Where th'ast lived, what hast' viewed.

Ne *Ephesios Diana*
Fit celebriore fama;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam pictores pingunt;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.

FAUSTUL.

Mitte moram, tolle metum!
Quies me unquam minus lætum
Cum *adversis* agitatum,
Aut *secundis* tam inflatum
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem.
Aspernarer ego mundum,
Nisi mundus me jucundum
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis siti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et progressu meo gaude.

Not th' *Ephesian Diana*
Is of more renowned fame-a :
Acting wonders, all invent thee,
Painters in their statues paint thee :
Banish fear, remove delay man,
Shew thyself a famous way-man.

FAUSTUL.

Leave delay, and be not fearful !
Why ! who e'er saw me less chearful ?
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortune's smiles so puffed,
That I shew'd myself far prouder
Than when she more scornful shew'd her.
For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow,
That would drink till he grew mellow :
Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travel.

Primo die satur vino
Veni *Islington à Londino,*
Iter arduum et grave,
Sero tamen superavi,
Acta vespertina scena
Siccior eram quam arena.

Veni *Kingsland,* terram regis,
Speciosam cœtu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius spatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis,
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni *Totnam-altam-crucem,*
Quo discessi ante lucem;
Hospes sociis parum caret,
Nemo *Faustulum* spectaret;
Pratum stratum, et cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

First day having drank with many,
To *Islington* from *London* came I,
Journey long, and grievous weather,
Yet the evening brought me thither ;
Having ta'en my pots by th' fire,
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland,* where were feeding
Cattle, sheep, and mares for breeding ;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Rosinant* was wear'ed :
When he would jog on no faster,
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-cross* turning,
I departed 'fore next morning :
Hostess on her guests so doated,
Faustulus was little noted :
To an hay-loft I was led in,
Boards my bed, and straw my bedding.

Ut reliqui *Crucem-altam,*
Lento cursu petii *Waltham,*
In hospitium *Oswaldi,*
Qui mi regiam * *Theobaldi,*
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni *Hoddesden,* stabant foris
Chartis pictis impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante *eirenarcham pacis*
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni *Ware,* ubi belli
Saltus, situs, et *Amwelli*

---

* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regio quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ!

Having thus left *High-cross* early,
I to *Waltham* travel'd fairly,
To the hospital of *Oswald*,
And that princely seat of * *The' bald ;*
There all night I drank old sack-a,
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hoddesden,* where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by coney-catching :
False cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their acquaintance pay'd I.
'Fore a justice they appeared,
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence to *Ware,* where mazy *Amwel*
Mildly cuts the southern chanel ;

---

* *On the King's House at* Tibbals.

This seat, this royal object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the world good-night ?
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such bliss,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kiss !

Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
Qui ditarunt *Middletonum*:
Sunt spectati more miti,
"O si essent *aqua vitæ*."

Veni *Wademill*, ubi ritè
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me spectantes otiose,
Co-ementem hæc flagella,
"Ubi equus? ubi sella?"

Veni *Puckbridge*, eo ventum
Mendicantes fere centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
"Quod pauperior illis eram;"
Quo responso, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni *Buntingford*, ad senilem
Hospitem et juvenilem

Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding :
Mightily did these delight me ;
" O, I wish'd them *aqua vitæ*."

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirsty ;
On me cry'd they, and did hout me,
And like beetles flock'd about me :
" Buy a whip, sir ! No, a ladle :
Where's your horse, sir? where your saddle?"

Thence at *Puckbridge* I reposed,
Hundred beggars me inclosed :
" Beggars," quoth I, " you are many,
" But the poorest of you am I ;"
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bed-rid host, but hostess lusty ;

Conjugem, quæ scit affari
Placide, lepide osculari;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni *Royston*, ibi seges,
Prata, sata, niveæ greges,
Ubi pedes pii regis;
Hinc evolvens * "Fati deges,"
Mihi dixi: "Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, male deges?"

Veni *Caxton*, paupere tecto,
Sed pauperiore lecto:
Quidam habent me suspectum,
Esse maculis infectum
Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans hospitem in testem.

---

* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,
Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in secret kiss you sweetly;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there grass groweth,
Medes, flocks, fields, the plowman soweth;
Where a pious prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
"Since all flesh to * fate's a debtor,
Restless wretch, why liv'st no better?"

Thence to *Caxton*, I was led in
To a poor house, poorer bedding:
Some there were had me suspected,
That with plague I was infected;
So as I stark-naked drew me,
Calling th' hostess strait to view me.

---

* Fields, floods, wastes, woods, deer, dogs with well-tune'd cry,
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must die.

Veni *Cambridge*, prope *Vitem*,
Ubi *Musæ* satiant sitim ;
Sicut muscæ circa fimum,
Aut scintillæ in caminum,
Me clauserunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.
Media-nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parum motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus :
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed *scholares* speciosi.

Veni * *Godmanchester*, ubi
Ut *Ixion* captus nube,
Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.

---

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat,
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as there use is;
Like sparks up a chimney warming,
Or flies near a dunghill swarming,
In a ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.
'Bout midnight for drink I call, sir,
As I had drank nothing at all, sir:
But all this did little shame me,
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I:
Grounds, greens, groves are wet and homely;
But the scholars wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmanchester*, by one
With a cloud, as was *Ixion*,
Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist and mellow;
All night vow'd she to lie by me,
But the giglet came not nigh me.

---

* An aged oak takes of this town survey;
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.

Veni *Huntington,* ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet peræegrotum.

Veni *Harrington,* bonum omen!
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi *nummum,*
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

Veni *Stonegatehole* nefandum,
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam servus atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus mere.
Ut coiret muliere.
Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvisum eum cepit,

Thence to *Huntington,* in a cellar,
With a wench was there a dweller ;
I did bargain, but suspected
By the host, who her affected,
Down the stairs he hurried quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to *Harrington,* be it spoken !
For name-sake I gave a token
To a beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it ;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole,* I'll tell here
Of a story that befel there ;
One who served an attorney,
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,
Purposely to wanton with her.
As these privately conferred,
A rover took him unprepared,

Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
Et post herum nudum misit:
Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,
Hinnit equus, servus vocat.
Cogitemus attornatum
Suspicantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari:
Currit herus, metu teste,
Currit servus sine veste.

Psallens * *Sautry*, tumulum veni,
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi *Rainsford* jus fecisset,
Et *pastorem* condidisset:
Vidi, ridi, et avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.

---

* Urna sacellani viventis imago sepulti,
Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud *Sautry* sacrarium sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.

Search'd his portmantua, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his master :
Set on's saddle with hands ty'd,
Th' horse he neyed, man he cry'd.
Th' attorney, when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In *white armour*, stoutly stir'd him,
For his jade, he keenly spur'd him,
Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,
This nak'd, that frighted, to his lodging.

Singing along down * *Sautry* laning,
I saw a tomb one had been lain in ;
And enquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *prelate :*
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy priests might so be fitted.

---

* Here of the whip a covetous priest did lick ;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that chapel of *Sautry*, retaining still with her that covetous priest's memory.

Veni ad *Collegium purum,*
Cujus habent multi curam ;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, fratres et sorores :
Unum tenent, una tendunt,
Omnes omnia *sacris* vendunt.
An sint isti corde *puro,*
Parum scie, minus curo ;
Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ.
Orbe melioris vitæ :
Cellam, scholam et sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra stellam.

Veni *Stilton,* lento more,
Sine fronde, sine flore,
Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Galva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori signum.

Veni *Wansforth-brigs,* immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum ;

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving:
These hold and walk together wholly,
And state their lands on uses holy.
Whether pure these are, or are not,
As I know not, so I care not;
But if they be dissembling brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others:
See but their cell, school, and their temple,
You'll say the stars were their example.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,
With no bloom nor blossom graced;
With no plumbs nor apples stored,
But bald, like an old man's forehead;
Yet with inns so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river
And a wife will live for ever:

Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam ;
Portas, hortos speciosos,
Portus, saltus spatiosos.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans MISERERE MEI,
Atriis, angulis, confestim
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato peramœni
Dormiens temulenter fœni,
Rivus surgit et me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit ;
Quorsum ? clamant ; *Nuper erro*
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.

Veni * *Burleigh,* licet bruma,
Sunt fornaces sine fumo,

---

* Ista domus fit dasypodis dumus.—*Statius.*

River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from folly :
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the portals, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted :
Tho' from death none may be spared,
I to die was scarce prepared.

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th' river rose and took me roundly
Down the current : people cry'd,
Sleeping down the stream I hy'd :
Where away, quoth they ; *from Greenland?*
No ; *from Wansforth-brigs in England.*

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the chimney enter,

---

* This house is the levaret's bush.

Promptuaria sine promo,
Clara porta, clausa domo;
* O camini sine foco,
Et culinæ sine coquo!
Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Resonabat † *Echo, famem;*
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Respirabat *Echo, mures;*
Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Echo respondebat, *Abi.*

Veni ‡ *Stamford,* ubi bene
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, sed in summo
Sunt crumenæ sine nummo;
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.

---

*———Hederæque trophæa camini.

†———Custos domus echo relictæ.

‡ Quo schola? quo præses? comites? academica sedes?
In loculos literas transposuere suas.

Buttries without butlers guarded,
Stately gates were double-warded ;
Hoary * chimneys without smoak too,
Hungry kitchins without cook too.
Hallowing aloud, O empty wonder!
† *Echo* strait resounded, *hunger*.
Who inhabits this vast brick-house ?
Echo made reply, *the titmouse :*
Ominous cell! no drudge at home, sir ?
Echo answer made, *Be gone, sir*.

Thence to ancient ‡ *Stamford* came I,
Where are penceless purses many :
Neatly wrought as doth become them :
Less gold in them than is on them :
Clawbacks more do not assail me
Than are beggars swarming daily.

---

* Ivy the chimney's trophy.

† *Echo's* the keeper of a forlorn house.

‡ Where be thy masters ? fellows ? scholars ? bursers ? O *Stamford!* to thy shame, they're all turn'd pursers.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in * *Foramen Saræ ;*
Proca semel succi plena,
Lauta, læta, et serena,
At venusta fit vetusta,
Mundo gravis et onusta.
Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
Et ampullas † gurgitassem,
In amore *Sara* certo,
Ore basia dat aperto ;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni *Witham,* audiens illam
Propter lubricam anguillam
Vere claram nixus ramo
Cæpi expiscari hamò ;

---

* Sileni antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.
† Exiccassem.

Tho' my cares were great and many,
To the * *Hole of Sarah* came I,
Once a *bona-roba,* trust me,
Tho' now buttock-shrank and rusty;
But tho' nervy-oil, and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a,
Having boldly thus adventur'd,
And my *Sara's* socket enter'd,
Her I sued, suited, sorted,
Bussed, bouzed, sneezed, snorted:
Often sate she, when she got up,
All her phrase was, "Drink the pot up."

Thence to *Witham,* having read there,
That the fattest eel was bred there;
Purposing some to entangle,
Forth I went and took an angle;

* The drunkard's cave, for so it must be call'd,
Where many malt-worms have been soundly maul'd.

Et ingentem capians unam,
Præceps trahor in * lacunam.

Veni † *Grantham* mihi gratam,
Inclytè pyramidatam,
Ibi pastor cum uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo descendit,
Quia *papa* ibi pendet.
Oppidani timent clari
Paulo spiram asportari,
Scissitantes (valde mirum)
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Qua ‡ maturius implicetur,
Ne portando § læderetur.

---

* Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

† Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit insula spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe cotem.

‡ Structura. § Penetretur.

Where an huge one having hooked,
* By her headlong was I dooked.

Thence to † *Grantham* I retired,
Famous for a spire aspiring,
There a pastor with his sweeting
In a chamber closely meeting,
In great fury out he flung there,
'Cause a popish picture hung there:
Here the townsmen are amated,
That their spire should be translated
Unto *Paul's*; and great's their labour,
How to purchase so much paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To secure their spire from splitting.

---

* *Mæander's* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend,
Where waves, sound cares, and banks imply our end.

† I may compare this town, and be no lyer,
With any shire, for whetstones and a spire.

Veni * *Newark*, ubi vivos
Sperans mersos esse rivis,
Irrui cellam subamœnam,
Generosis vinis plenam.
Donec *lictor* intrans cellam,
Me conduxit ad flagellum.

Veni *Tuxworth* sitam luto,
Ubi viatores (puto)
Viam viscum esse credunt,
Sedes syrtes ubi sedent :
Thyrsus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum vinum raro vendit.

Veni *Retford*, pisces edi,
Et adagio locum dedi,

---

* Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
Arces effusis vestit amœna comis.
Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
Fæcundare solent, ubera veris habent.
Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.
Valles trinæ et opimæ
Dapes insulæ divinæ.

Thence to * *Newark*, flood-surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned ;
Hand to hand I straightways shored
To a cellar richly stored :
Till suspected for a pick-lock,
Th' beadle led me to the whip-stock.

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the clay there,
Where poor travellers find such way there,
Ways like bird-lime seem to shew them,
Seats are syrts to such as know them ;
Th' ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,
And to th' adage I had red on :

---

* A sandy plat a shady elm receives,
Which cloathes those turrets with her shaken leaves.

Here all-along lies *Bever's* spacious vale,
Near which the streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.

Valleys there so fruitful be
They're the wealth of Britainy.

Cæpi statim propinare,
Ut pisciculi natare
Discant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni *Scrubie*, Deus bone!
Cum *pastore* et *latrone*
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me fecisset doctum:
Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esses peræ.

Veni *Bautree*, angiportam,
In dumetis vidi scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam, et lascivam;
Sed inflixi carni pœnam,
Timens misere crumenam.

With carouses I did trim me,
That my fish might swim within me
As they had done being living
And i'th' river nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie,* O my Maker!
With a *pastor* and a *taker*
Day I spent, I night divided,
Thief did make me well provided:
My poor scrip caus'd me to fear him,
All night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree,* as I came there,
From the bushes near the lane, there
Rush'd a tweak in gesture flanting,
With a leering eye, and wanton:
But my flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Veni * *Doncaster*, sed *Levitam*
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi *Venerem*, sprevi vinum,
Perdite quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum *Venus* insenescit,
In me carnis vim compescit.
Nescit sitis artem modi,
Puteum *Roberti Hoodi*
Veni, et liquente vena
Vincto † catino catena,
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum custodi.

Veni ‡ *Wentbridge*, ubi plagæ
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,

---

* Major causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus renuit, renuente, patibula, dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi; *Caus.* tuque moreris ibi.

† Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,
Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophæa sui.

‡ Rupæ cavedia struxit inedia,
Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.

Thence to * *Doncaster*, where reported
Lively *Levite* was departed:
Love I loath'd, and spritely wine too,
Which I dearly lov'd some time too;
For when youthful *Venus* rageth,
She my fleshly force asswageth.
Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,
Robin Hood's well was my treasure:
In a common † dish enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained:
And because I drank the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to ‡ *Wentbridg*, where vile wretches
Hideous hags and odious witches,

---

* That courtesie might a courtesie enforce,
The may'r would bring the lawyer to his horse:
"You shall not," quoth the lawyer. *M.* "Now I swear
I'll to the gallows go."—*L.* "I'll leave you there."
Might not this may'r (for wit a second Pale As)
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows*?

† A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain
For monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

‡ In a rock Want built her booth,
Where no creature dwells but Sloth.

Vultu torto et anili,
Et conditione vili :
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni *Ferrybrig*, vietus,
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini :
Sævior factus sum quam aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni * *Pomfret*, ubi miram
Arcem, † *Anglis* regibus diram ;
Laseris ‡ ortu celebrandam,
Variis gestis memorandam :

---

* Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S. . . . . . tuum.

‡ Latius in rupem laser est sita dulcis arentem,
Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Are by some foul *bugbear* taken:
These infernal seats inherit,
Who contract with such a spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered:
I no sooner the grape tasted
But my melancholy wasted:
Never was wild boar more fellish,
Tho' the wine did smally relish.

Thence to * *Pomfret*, as long since is,
Fatal to our † English princes;
For the choicest ‡ *liquorice* crowned,
And for sundry acts renowned:

---

* The tragick state of English kings stood here,
Which to their urns pays tribute with a tear.

† Here stood that fatal theatre of kings,
Which for revenge mounts up with airy wings.

‡ Here liquorice grows upon their mellow'd banks,
Decking the spring with her delicious plants.

Nec in *Pomfret* repens certior,
Quam pauperculus inertior.

Veni *Sherburn* ad amandum,
Et aciculis spectandum ;
Pastor decimas cerasorum :
Quærit plus quam animorum :
Certe nescio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.

Veni *Bramham*, eo ventus,
Vidi pedites currentes ;
Quidam auribus susurrat,
" Crede *Faustule*, hic præcurret,
" Nam probantur : qui narratur
Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni *Tadcaster*, ubi pontem
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, et astantes
Omni loco medicantes

A *louse* in *Pomfret* is not surer
Than the poor thro' sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,
And for pinners well approved:
Cherry-tenths the pastor aimeth,
More than th' souls which he reclaimeth:
In an equipage consorting,
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,
I saw two footmen stript for running:
One said, "the match was made to cheat 'em
Trust me *Faustulus, this* will beat 'em;
For we've try'd 'em;" but that courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared
A fair bridge; no flood appeared:
Broken pavements, beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating;

Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni *Eboracum,* flore
Juventutis eum *textore*
Fruens, conjux statim venit,
" Lupum vero auribus tenet ;"
Ille clamat aperire,
Ille negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum *textori* denegatur ;
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit ; sapienter tacet,
Dum *Betricia* mecum jacet.

Ibi tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus et suspensus,
Plaustro cöaptato furi,
" Ubi tibia ?" clamant pueri ;

But with speed I hast'ned from them,
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, fresh youth enjoying,
With a wanton *weaver* toying :
Husband suddenly appears too,
"Catching the *wolf* by th' ears too :"
He cries, "Open, something fears him :"
But th' deaf *adder* never hears him.

Thus my entrance was descried,
While the *weaver* was denied ;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamber-pot was crowned :
Wisely silent, he ne'er grudged
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd, and titted ;
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,
"This day," quoth boys, "will spoil thy
blowing."

"Nunquam ludes amplius billie."
"At nescitis," inquit ille.
Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus resurrexit :
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni *Towlerton,* stadiodromi
Retinentes spem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;
Sequens autem solitam venam,
Sprevi *primum* et *postremum.*

Veni *Helperby* desolatum,
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna fit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta ;

"From thy pipe th'art now departing."
"Wags," quoth the piper, "you're not
certain."
All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived :
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those stagers
Or horse-coursers run for wagers :
Near to the highway the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses :
But still on our journey went we,
First or *last* did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,
Desolate and lately burned :
Not a taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned ;

Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Restinguendi sitim cura.

Veni * *Topcliff*, musicam vocans,
Et decoro ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè subtraxi pedem ;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni † *Thyrske, Thyrsis* hortum,
Ubi *Phyllis* floribus sportam
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem

---

* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.
Alias.
Infra situm rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† Thyrsis oves pascens per apricæ pascua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrsco nomina nota suo.

Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Discumbens, Phyllidi serta paravit
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Whence I swiftly did remove me,
For thirst-sake as did behove me.

Thence to * *Topcliff*, musick call'd I,
In no comely posture fail'd I;
But when these expected wages,
To themselves I left my pages;
Small being th' court'sy I could shew them,
Th' reckoning I commended to them.

Thence to † *Thyrske*, rich *Thyrsis*' casket,
Where fair *Phyllis* fills her basket
With choice flowers, but these be vain things
I esteem no flowers, nor swainlings;

---

* *Topcliff* from tops of cliffs first took her name,
And her cliff-mounted seat confirms the same:
Where streams with curled windings overflown,
Bestow a native beauty on the town.

† Here Thyrsis fed his lambkins on the plain;
So Thryske from Thyrsis took her aucient name;
Here Tityrus and Phyllis made them bowers,
Of tender osiers, sweet-breath'd sycamours.

Ego curo, *Bacchum* specto
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni *Alerton*, ubi oves,
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora :
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni *Smeton*, perexosum
Collem quem *pediculosum*
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni * *Nasham, Dei donum,*
In cœnobiarchæ domum ;

---

* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

In *Bacchus* yard, field, booth, or cottage,
I love nought like his cold pottage.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in battel,
Sheep, kine, oxen, other cattel;
As I fortun'd to pass by there,
Were the town's best beautifier;
Fair for beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my fare the cellar.

Thence to *Smeton*, I assailed
Lousy Hill, for so they call it;
Where were dainty ducks, and jant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons;
Which they practise, truth I'll tell ye,
For relief of back and belly.

Thence to * *Nesham*, now translated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated:

---

*Where shores yield lentisks, branches pearled gems,
Their lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.

Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis et frondosam,
Heræ vultu speciosam.

Veni *Darlington*, prope vicum
Conjugem duxi peramicam ;
Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
Nulla admittuntur mœsta ;
Pocula noctis dant progressum,
Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

Veni * *Richmond*, sed amicos
Generosos et antiquos,
Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
Cum nequissem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi.

---

* Nomen habes Mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundi,
Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers never ceasing;
Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely lady.

Thence to *Darlington*, where I boused
Till at last I was espoused:
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared;
All night long by th' pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to * *Richmond*, heavy sentence!
There were none of my acquaintance:
All my noble comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there;
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

---

* From a *Rich Mound* thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,
Veni *Redmeere* ad *Subulcum,*
Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis intestina,
Quæ ni calices abluissent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

Veni *Carperbie* peravarum.
Cœtu frequens, victu carum ;
Septem solidorum cœna
Reddit levior crumena :
Nummo citius haurieris,
Quam liquore ebrieris.

Veni *Wenchly,* valle situm,
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt agni cum pastore.

Veni *Middlam,* ubi arcem
Vidi, et bibentes sparsim

Penance chas'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a swine-herd
Came I, where they nothing plac'd me
But a swine's gut that was nasty;
Had I not then wash'd my liver,
In my guts 't had stuck for ever.

Thence to *Caperby*, very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy:
After supper they so toss'd me,
As seven shillings there it cost me:
Soon may one of coin be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*, valley-seated,
For antiquity repeated:
Sheep and shepherd, as one brother,
Kindly drink to one another;
Till pot-hardy, light as feather,
Sheep and shepherd sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' castle, which so stately shewed:

Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi ;
Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis,

Veni * *Ayscarth,* vertice montis,
Valles, et amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, et paludes
Vidi, locum vocant *Templum,*
Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni *Worton,* sericis cincta,
Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,
Me ad cœnam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit ;
Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,
Cornu-copiam optans duci.

---

* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Down the stairs, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave boys fell I :
All *red noses,* no dye deeper,
Yet none but a peace-keeper.

Thence to * *Ayscarth,* from a mountain.
Fruitful valleys, pleasant fountain ;
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, fenns, sedgy rushes saw I ;
Which high mount is call'd the *Temple,*
For all prospects an example.

Thence to *Worton ;* being lighted,
I was solemnly invited
By a captain's wife most yewly,
Though, I think, she never knew me :
I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed :
Captain cornu-cap'd I wished.

---

* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Veni *Bainbrig*, ubi palam
Flumen doserit canalem,
Spectans, uti properarem
Ad *Joannem Ancillarem*,
Hospitem habui (verè mirum)
Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni * *Askrig*, notum forum,
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum :
Hic pauperrimi textores.
Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni † *Hardraw*, ubi fames,
Cautes frugis perinanes ;
Nunquam vixit hic *Adonis*,
Ni sub thalamo *Carbonis* :

---

* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,
Alluit et villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the river
From its channel seems to sever :
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith hasted,
And his best provision tasted :
Th' host I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence * *Askbrig*, market noted,
But no handsomeness about it ;
Neither magistrate nor mayor
Ever were elected there :
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their trading, breeding sitting.

Thence to † *Hardraw*, where's hard hunger
Barren *Cliffs* and *Clints* of wonder ;
Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unless in *Cole's* harbour hived :

---

* A Channel strait confines a crystal spring,
Washing the walls o' th' village neighbouring.

A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,
With murm'ring voice and pace procure sweet sleep.

Diversoria sunt obscœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni *Gastile*, ubi cellam,
Cellam sitam ad *Sacellum*.
Intrans, bibi *stingo* fortem,
Habens lanium in consortem,
Et * pastorem parvæ gregis,
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni † *Sedbergh*, sedem quondam
Lautam, lætam, et jucundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
Vix in anno unus potus:
Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam vulpinari.

---

* Quota est hora, refert! solem speculando respon-
Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit! [det,

Prospicies Thyrsum sinuosius arte rotundum,
Organa quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,
With both smoke and rubbish musty.

Thence to *Gastile,* I was drawn in
To an alehouse near adjoining
To a *Chapel;* I drank *stingo*
With a *Butcher* and *Domingo*
Th' * *curate,* who, to my discerning,
Was not guilty of much learning.

Thence to † *Sedbergh,* sometimes joy-all,
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royal;
But those jolly boys are sunken,
Now scarce once a year one drunken:
There I durst not well be merry,
Far from home old foxes werry.

---

* I ask'd him What's o-clock? he look'd at th' sun,
But want of learning made him answer—mum.

† Here grows a bush in artful mazes round,
Where th' active organs of my brain were drown'd.

Veni * *Killington*, editum collem,
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parum hærens,
Semper altiora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Veni *Kendall*, ubi status
Præstans, prudens † magistratus,
Publicis festis purpuratus,
Ab *Elizabetha* datus;
Hic me juvat habitare,
Propinare et amare.

---

* Arboribus gelidam texens coriarius umbram,
Æstatem atque hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

† Nunc *Saturnius* appulit annus,
Major fiet aldermannus.

Thence to * *Killington* I passed,
Where a hill is freely grassed ;
There I stayed not, tho' half-tired,
Higher still my thoughts aspired :
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,
Prudent too her † magistrate is ;
In whose charter to them granted,
Nothing but a mayor wanted :
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Bousing, loving ; stories telling.

---

* Here the retir'd tanner builds him bowers,
Shrouds him from summer's heat, and winter's
showers.

† Now *Saturn's* year has drench'd down care,
And made an alderman a may'r,

Inter *Barnabæ* errores,
Hi mutârunt preli mores,
" Delirans iste sapiens *Gottam*
" Reddit *Cœtum* propter *Cotem*."

Vide *Grantham*.

FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.

Amongst other faults in print,
You shall find this error in't :
"Did not the stage of *Gottam* strangely fail,
"Who for a *whetstone* render'd him a
whale?"

See *Grantham.*

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Pars IV.

MIRTIL.

O *Faustule!* dic quo jure
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti?

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Part IV.

MIRTIL.

O *Faustulus!* takes't no pity
For the field to leave the city?
Nor thy consorts, lively skinkers,
Witty wags, and lusty drinkers;
Lads of life, who wash their liver,
And are dry and thirsty ever?

Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?

FAUSTUL.

"Quid me movet?" nonne cernis
Me tamdiu in tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, "Ecce *Faustulus* ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo *Ebrii* insignitur!
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseæ ab *Auroræ*
Usque vesperam, et pudorem
Vultûs, questus et odorem
Sprevit!" audi culpæ pœnam,
Scenam *Faustuli* extremam.

Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With these boys that love *canary ?*
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
Dainty doxies, merry wenches ?
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
Thus to take farewell o' th' city ?

FAUSTUL.

What is't makes me ! dost' not note it,
How I have i' th' tavern floated,
Till a thousand seek to shame me,
"There goes *Faustulus*," so they name me,
"Who thro' all the world has traced,
And with stile of *maltworm* graced !
Who carouseth to his breeding,
From *Aurora's* beamlins spreading
To th' evening, and despiseth
Favour-thrift, which each man prizeth !"
Now hear *Faustulus's* melancholy,
Th' closing scene of all his folly.

VALE *Banbury,* vale *Brackley,*
Vale *Hollow-well,* vale *Hockley,*
Vale *Daintry,* vale *Leister,*
Vale *Chichester,* vale *Chester,*
Vale *Nottingham,* vale *Mansfield,*
Vale *Wetherby,* vale *Tanfield.*

Vale *Aberford,* vale *Bradford,*
Vale *Toceter,* vale *Stratford,*
Vale *Preston,* vale *Euxston,*
Vale *Wigan,* vale *Newton,*
Vale *Warrington,* vale *Budworth,*
Vale *Kighley,* vale *Cudworth.*

Vale *Hoddesden,* vale *Totnam,*
Vale *Giggleswick,* vale *Gottam,*
Vale *Harrington,* vale *Stilton,*
Vale *Huntington,* vale *Milton,*
Vale *Royston,* vale *Puckeridge,*
Vale *Caxston,* vale *Cambridge.*

FAREWELL *Banbury*, farewell *Brackley*,
Farewell *Hollow-well*, farewell *Hockley*,
Farewell *Daintry*, farewell *Leister*,
Farewell *Chichester*, farewell *Chester*,
Farewell *Nottingham*, farewell *Mansfield*,
Farewell *Wetherby*, farewell *Tanfield*.

Farewell *Aberford*, farewell *Bradford*,
Farewell *Toceter*, farewell *Stratford*,
Farewell *Preston*, farewell *Euxston*,
Farewell *Wigan*, farewell *Newton*,
Farewell *Warrington*, farewell *Budworth*,
Farewell *Kighley*, farewell *Cudworth*.

Farewell *Hoddesden*, farewell *Totnam*,
Farewell *Giggleswick*, farewell *Gottam*,
Farewell *Harrington*, farewell *Stilton*,
Farewell *Huntington*, farewell *Milton*.
Farewell *Royston*, farewell *Puckeridge*,
Farewell *Caxston*, farewell *Cambridge*.

Vale *Ware*, vale *Wademill*,
Vale *High-gate*, vale *Gads-hill*,
Vale *Stamford*, vale *Sautry*,
Vale *Scrubie*, vale *Bautry*,
Vale *Castrum Subterlinum*,
Ubi vates, *Venus*, vinum.

Vale *Tauk-hill*, quem conspexi,
Lemnia Lydia, quam dilexi,
Arduæ viæ quas transivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi,
Faber, *Taber*, sociæ lætæ,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale fons *Roberti Hoodi*,
Vale *Rosington*, vale *Retford*,
Et antiqua sedes *Bedford* ;
Vale *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Vale *Waltham*, et *Oswaldi*
Sedes, situs *Theobaldi*,

Farewell *Ware*, farewell *Wademill*,
Farewell *High-gate*, farewell *Gads-hill*,
Farewell *Stamford*, farewell *Sautry*,
Farewell *Scrubie*, farewell *Bautry*,
Farewell *Castle Underline* too,
Where are poets, wenches, wine too.

Farewell *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sued ;
Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those truggs with which I traded ;
Faber, *Taber*, pensive never,
Farewell merry mates for ever.

Now I hate all foreign places,
Robin Hood's well, and his chaces ;
Farewell *Rosington*, farewell *Retford*,
And thou ancient seat of *Bedford ;*
Farewell *Dünchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill.*

Farewell *Waltham*, seat of *Oswald*,
That bright princely star of *The'bald :*

Vale *Godmanchester*, ubi
Mens elusa fuit nube ;
Vale *Kingsland, Islington*, * *London*,
Quam amavi perdite quondam.

Vale *Buntingford*, ubi suaves
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hospes grata et benigna,
Et amores præbens signa ;
Alio juvat spatiari,
Pasci, pati, recreari.

Vale *Stone*, et *Sacellum*,
Quod splendentem habet *Stellam*,
Vale *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay*,
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,

---

* ——Ista novæ mea mœnia *Trojæ*.

Nunc novæ longum valedico *Trojæ*,
Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
Vina, picturæ, *Veneris* facetæ,
Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, sorores,
Liberi, suaves laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores :
Cuncta venite.

Farewell *Godmanchester*, where I
Was deluded by a fairy :
Farewell *Kingsland, Islington,* * *London,*
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewell *Buntingford*, where are thrushes,
Sweet briers, shred vines, private bushes ;
Hostess cheerful, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving ;
I must in another nation
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewell precious *Stone* and *Chapel*,
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple ;
Farewell *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,*
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edgway,

---

* ——These be my *New Troy's* dying elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,
Wine, *Venus*, pictures, can allure me never,
These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewell for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if wife, children, money hurry thither,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Meredin, *Wakefield*, et amœni
Campi, chori *Georgii Greeni*.

Vale *Clowne*, *Doncaster*, *Rothram*,
Clapham, *Ingleton*, *Waldon*, *Clothram*,
Witham, *Grantham*, *New-wark*, *Tuxworth*,
Uxbridge, *Beconsfield*, et *Oxforth*,
Geniis et ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus *Platonis*.

Sprevi nunc *textoris* acum,
Vale, vale *Eboracum*,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum * colore ;
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.

---

* Incessit hyems niveis capillis,
Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina *Phyllis*,
Urbe relecta rustica vertes.

Conspicui vates repetendo cupidinis æstus.
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.

Meredin, Wakefield, farewell clean-a
Medes and mares of *George à Green*-a.

Farewell *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, and *Oxforth,*
Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With wit, wealth, worth, well of *Plato.*

Farewell *York,* I must forsake thee,
Weaver's shuttle shall not take me:
* Hoary hairs are come upon me,
Youthful pranks will not become me;
Th' bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

---

* Winter has now behoar'd my hairs,
Benumb'd my joints and sinews too;
Phyllis for verses little cares,
Leave city then, to th' country go.

Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,
Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' fancy crown their quill.

Vale *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*
Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn :
Vale *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton :
Vale *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,*
Gastile, Killington, et *Sedbergh.*

Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni *Malton,* artem laudo,
Vendens equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,
Forte si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid si statim moriatur.

Farewell *Wentbrig*, *Towlerton*, *Sherburn*,
Ferry-brig, *Tadcaster*, *Helperby*, *Merburn*;
Farewell *Bainbrig*, *Askrig*, *Worton*,
Hardraw, *Wenchley*, *Smeton*, *Burton*;
Farewell *Ayscarth*, *Carperby*, *Redmeer*,
Gastile, *Killington*, and *Sedbergh*.

I am now become a drover,
Country liver, country lover;
Smell of gain my sense benumbeth,
Little care I whence it cometh;
Be't from camp, choir, cottage, carpet,
Field, fold, cellar, forest, market.

HORSE FAIRS.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' sale, sir,
Of an horse without a tail, sir;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased;
Should this kephal die next morrow,
I partake not in the sorrow.

Ad forensem *Rippon*, tendo,
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi à me erunt empti,
" Ut alacrior fiat ille,
" Ilia mordicant anguillæ."

SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni *Pomfret*, uberem venam,
* Virgis laserpitiis plenam.

Veni *Topcliff* cum sodali,
Non ad vinum sed venale.

Veni *Thyrske* ubi boves
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni *Allerton* lætam, latam,
Mercatori perquam gratam,

---

* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula,
In hac angelica latius insula.
Vide lib. 3, stanz. 48.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there
To sell horses if they're dear there;
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,
And i' th' country profit by them;
"Where to quicken 'em I'll tell ye,
"I put quick eels into their belly."

NORTHERN FAIRS.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freshly flowred,
And with * rods of liquorice stored.

Thence to *Topcliff* with my fellow,
Not to bouze wine, but to sell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where bullocks grazed
Are for sale i' th' market placed.

Thence to *Allerton*, cheerful, fruitful,
To the seller very grateful;

---

* Rods of liquorice sweetly smile
In that rich angelick isle.

See book 3, stanza 48.

In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni *Darlington*, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.

Inde *Middlam* cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem;
" Nulla via modo vera,
" Est ad bonos mores sera."

TRA-MONTANA FORA.

Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, *Septentrionem*
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui sede:
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni *Appleby*, ubi natus,
Primam sedem comitatus.

There to chuse a place I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest.

Thence to *Darlington,* never swerving
From our drove laws, worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining ;
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainful savour :
"No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,
"Is rejected, being honest."

TRA-MONTANE FAIRS.

In these fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing ;
To the *north* frame I my passage,
Wing'd with hope of more advantage :
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,
Are by gain more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Appleby* mount I,
Th' ancient seat of all that county.

Illinc *Penrith* speciosam,
Omni merce copiosam.

Illinc *Roslay*, ubi tota
Grex à gente venit *Scota*.

Hinc per limitem obliquam ;
Veni *Ravinglass* antiquam ;
Illinc *Dalton* peramœnum ;
Hinc *Oustonum* fruge plenum :
Donec *Hauxide* specto sensim ;
Illinc sedem *Lancastrensem*.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Hinc ad *Ingleforth* ut descendi,
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.

Illinc *Burton* limina peto,
Grege lautâ, fronde læta.

Veni *Horneby*, sedem claram,
Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;

Thence to peerless *Penrith* went I,
Which of merchandise hath plenty.

Thence to *Roslay*, where our lot is
To commerce with people *Scottish.*

By a passage crook'dly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglass* I'm bending:
Thence to *Dalton*, most delightful;
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitful;
Thence to *Hauxide's* marish pasture;
Thence to th' seat of old *Lancaster.*

Thence to *Garstang*, where are feeding
Herds with large fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,
Where choice bull-calfs will be vended.

Thence to *Burton's* bounders pass I,
Fair in flocks, in pastures grassy.

Thence *Horneby*, seat renowned,
"Thus with gain are worldlings drowned;"

Cœca-sacra fames auri
Me consortem fecit tauri :
Sprevi *Veneris* amorem
" Lucrum summum dat odorem."

Veni *Lonesdale*, venientem
Laticem socii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæsitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, (narro verum)
Sed non sum qui semel eram.
Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis ;
Oculis clausis hos consortes
Præterire dedici mortis.

MIRTIL.

Miror (*Faustule*) miror verè,
Bacchi te clientem heri,

Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure:
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
"It is gain yields sweetest savour."

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it
Boys that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled;
Musing I should be so 'stranged,
I resolv'd them I was changed.
To the sink of sin they drew me,
Where like hogs in mire they threw me,
Or like dogs unto their vomit,
But their purpose I o'ercomed;
With shut eyes I flung in anger
From those mates of death and danger.

MIRTIL.

Surely (*Faustulus*) I do wonder
How thou, who so long liv'd under

Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immersisse mundo :
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis?

FAUSTUL.

Errâs (*Mirtille*) si me credas
Nunquam *Bacchi* petere sedes ;
Thyrsus vinctus erit collo,
" Semel in anno ridet *Apollo* ;"
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanus propè natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas :
Hisce juvat sociari,
Et * apricis spatiari.

---

* Si per apricos spatiari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

Bacchus, where choice wits resounded,
Should'st be thus i' th' world drowned.
What do'st? where liv'st? in brief deliver.
Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

FAUSTUL.

Thou err'st (*Mirtillus*) so do mo too,
If thou think'st I never go to
Bacchus temple, which I follow;
"Once a year laughs wise *Apollo*;"
Where I drench grief's slight physicians,
Hair I change, but no conditions.
Cheerful comrades have I by me,
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me;
Within, without, where'er I rest me,
Carking cares do ne'er molest me:
With these I please to consort me,
And in * open fields to sport me.

---

* Thus through the fields, when I have best leisure,
Diaper'd richly, do I take my pleasure.
To cheer my studies with a pleasing measure.

Nunc ad *Richmond,* primo flore.
Nunc ad *Nesham* cum uxore,
Læto cursu properamus,
Et amamur et amamus :
Pollent floribus ambulacra,
Vera *Veris* simulachra.

Nunc ad *Ashton* invitato
Ab amico et cognato,
Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes orbis stellæ.
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte et serena.

Nunc ad *Cowbrow,* ubi lætus,
Una mente confluit cœtus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Nescit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel gallina festum.

Nunc ad *Natland,* ubi florem
Convivalem et pastorem

Now to *Richmond*, when spring's come on,
Now to *Nesham* with my woman;
With free course we both approve it,
Where we love and are beloved;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures,
Representing *Flora's* features.

Now to *Ashton*, I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited;
Secret cellars entertain me,
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me;
Meat, mirth, music, wines are there full,
With a count'nance blith and cheerful.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Jovial boys do flock together;
In which place all sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kiss their hostess;
Nought but love doth border near it,
Goose and hen will witness bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty
And a shepherd do salute me;

Specto, spiro ora rosea,
A queis *nectar* et *ambrosia ;*
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad *Kirkland,* et de eo
"*Prope templo, procul DEO,*"
Dici potest, spectent templum,
Sacerdotis et exemplum,
Audiant tamen citius sonum
Tibiæ tamen concionem.

Nunc ad *Kendal,* propter * pannum,
Cœtum, situm † *Aldermannum,*
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum et beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.

---

* Lanificii gloria, et industri ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum.—*Camd. Brit.*
Pannus mihi Panis.—*Mot.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, sis minor omine sedis,
Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely *nectar* and *ambrosiack;*
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the country's eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that say' be verified,
"*Far from GOD, but near the temple,*"
Tho' their pastor gave example:
They are such a kind of vermin,
Pipe they'd rather hear than sermon.

Now to *Kendal*,* for cloth-making,
Sight, site, † Alderman awaking;
Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,
And her four and twenty brothers;
Ever in her honour spreading,
Where I had my native breeding.

---

* A town so highly renown'd for her commodious clothing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.—*Camb. Brit.*
Cloth is my bread.—*Motto.*

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto may'r,
Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
Tectum mittitur è fenestra,
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum *Johanne Dori* :
Sancti fratres cum poeta,
Læta canunt et faceta.

Nunc ad *Staveley*, ubi aves
Melos, modos cantant suaves,
Sub arbustis et virgultis
Molliore masco fultis :
Cellis, sylvis, et tabernis,
An fœliciorem cernis ?

MIRTIL.

Esto *Faustule !* recumbe,
Rure tuo carmina funde ;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messe ;
Tibi *Zephyrus* sub fago
Dulciter afflet. *Faust.*] Gratias ago.

Where, I'll tell you, (while none mind us)
We threw th' house quite out at windows ;
Nought maketh them or me ought sorry,
They dance lively with *John Dory* :
Holy brethren with their poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* strait repair I,
Where sweet birds do hatch, their airy
Arbours, oziers freshly showing,
With soft mossy rhind o'ergrowing :
For woods, air, ALE, all excelling :
Would'st thou have a neater dwelling ?

MIRTIL.

Be't so, *Faustulus !* there repose thee,
Cheer thy country with thy poesy ;
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest :
Under th' beach while shepherds rank thee,
Zephyrus bless thee. *Faust.*] I do thank thee.

AD

PHILOXENUM.

Te viatores lepidi patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
Vatis et vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.

Te tuus vates lyricis salutat
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

TO

PHILOXENUS.

THE pleasing waymates titled have their
patron,
Their country's glory, which they build their
state on,
The poet's wine-bush, which they use to
prate on,
Art's merry minion.

In lyrick measures doth thy bard salute thee,
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me from
thee,
But my religion.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, *Iaccho*.

Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

The oil of malt, and juice of spritely nectar,
Have made my muse more valiant than
Hector.

O'erflowing cups, whom have they not made
learned?
Full-blown my veins are, and so well they
may,
With brimming healths of wine drunk yes-
terday.

If thou dost love thy flock, leave off to pot.

BESSIE BELL:

CANTIO LATINÈ VERSA, ALTERNIS VICIBUS ET MODERNIS VOCIBUS DECANTANDA.

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

Damætas. *Eliza-Bella.*

I.

Dam. *Bellula Bella,* mi puella,
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausa simus cella
Mars et *Lemnia Venus !*
Tanto mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes *Bellula* mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

BESSY BELL:

TO BE SUNG IN ALTERN COURSES AND MODERN VOICES.

BY CORYMBÆUS.

Damætas. *Eliza-Bella.*

I.

Dam. My bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,
I would thou wald scund alang hither,
That we might here in a cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together!
Dear art' to me as thy geer's to thee,
The world will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

II.

Bel. Crede *Damætas*, non finit ætas
Ferre *Cupidinis* ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Cura et carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

III.

Dam. Virginis vita fit inimica
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In orbe sita ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.
Aspice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hic locus est, nam lucus adest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

II.

Bell. Trust me, *Damœtas,* youth will not
let us
Yet to be sindg'd with love's taper,
Bonny blyth swainlin intend thy lambkin,
To requite both thy laws and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
The yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead apes in hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry and never to marry,
Would bring it soon to desolation.
See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as
cherry,
This cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bel. Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
Volo, sed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet ista tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

V.

Dam. Candida *Bella*, splendida stella,
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella *Eliz-Bella*,
Lentula tædia sperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus est cui crimen abest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

IV.

Bell. 'Las maidens must feign it, I love, tho' I lain it,
I would, but I would not confess it,
My years are consorting, and feign would be sporting,
But bashfulness shames to express it.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
That yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous *Bell*, whose stars do excel,
See mine eyes never drys, but do wet me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,
Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.
Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
This river will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it.
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bel. Perge *Damætas,* nunc pruriit ætas,
Me nudam accipe solam,
Demitt pecus si *Bellam* petas,
Exue virginis stolam.
Sic amo te, si tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur suavi,
Quæunque nubit et uno cubat,
Et amo, et amor, et amavi.

FINIS.

VI.

Bell. Come on, *Damætas*, ripe age doth
fit us,
Take aside thy nak'd bride, and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy sweeting, let flocks fall a
bleating,
My maids weed on thy mede I'll bestow there,
Thus I love thee, so do thou love me,
The yoke is so sweet, I approve it,
To lie still with one, is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

THE END.

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

VIVAT Rex noster nobilis,
  Omnis in tuto sit ;
Venatis olim flebilis
  Chevino Luco fit.

Cane foras ut abigat
  Percæus abiit ;
Vel embrio elugeat
  Quod hodie accidit.

Comes ille *Northumbriæ*
  Votum vovit Deo,
Ludos in sylvis *Scotiæ*
  Habere triduo.

CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
  Our lives and safeties all :
A woeful hunting once there did
  In *Chevy-Chace* befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
  Earl *Piercy* took his way,
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the *Scottish* woods
  Three summers days to take ;

E primis *cervis Cheviæ*
  Cæsos abripere :
Duglasium hæ notitiæ
  Adibant properè.

Qui ore tenus delegat
  Se ludum perdere :
At *Percæus* non hesitat
  Ad sylvas tendere,

Quingentis ter teliferis
  Virtutis belicæ
Qui norunt, rebus arduis,
  Sagittas mittere.

Curritur à venatico
  Damas propellare ;
Die Lunæ diluculo
  Ad rem accingunt se ;

The chiefest harts in *Chevy-Chace*
To kill and bear away.
The tydings to Earl *Douglas* came
In *Scotland* where he lay ;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The *English* Earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly run
To chase the fallow deer,
On *Monday* they began to hun,
When day-light did appear ;

Centumque cervi sunt cæsi
  Ante meridiem ;
Tunc redeunt, libis impleti,
  Ad venationem.

De monte sagittarii,
  Apti militiæ,
Prodierunt armarii
  Hodie a tergore.

Per sylvas celerant canes,
  Ut cervos capiant ;
Ac simul montes et valles
  Latratu resonant.

Fodinam comes adiit,
  Ferinam visere,
Duglas minatus est, inquit,
  Hic mecum affore.

And long before high noon they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain,
Then having din'd the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure,
Their back-sides all with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods
 The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the quarry went,
 To view the tender deer.
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
 This day to meet me here :

Congressum autem desperans,
 Mora non dabitur,
Quo dicto, tyro elegans
 Illum alloquitur ;

En ! En ! *Duglasius* emminus,
 Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum militibus
 Visui obviis ;

Cunctis de valle *Tiviæ*
 Ad ripas *Tuædis ;*
Ludos, ait, intermitte
 Arcubus habitis :

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates
 Tollatur animus,
Haud præsto fuit athletes
 Gallus vel *Scotius*

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
Then stept a brave young gentleman,
 Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
 His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
 All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant *Teviotdale*,
 Fast by the river *Tweed*.
Then cease your sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
 And take your bows with speed:

And now with me my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
For never was their champion yet
 In *Scotland* or in *France*,

Mihi equestris obvius
  Quin postulante re,
Evocat vellem comminus
  Vi, hastis ludere.

Equisessor *Duglasius*,
  Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus
  Aurato clypeo.

Cujates, ait, ostendite
  Hic ausi pellere
Ac, me invito, impete
  Feras occidere.

Qui primus verbum edidit
  Percæus nomine,
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit
  Vobis ostendere ;

That ever did on horseback come,
 But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man
 With him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white steed,
 Much like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.

Shew me, said he, whose men you be,
 That hunt so boldly here ;
That without my consent dare chase
 And kill my fallow deer.

The first that did the answer make
 Was noble *Piercy* he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
 Or shew whose men we be ;

At sanguinem absumemus
Cervos distruere;
Juravit tunc *Duglasius*,
Dixitque temerè;

E nobis periet unus
Antequem devincar,
Au Comes es bene notus
Egoque tui par.

At (siqua fides) est scelus
Miserum deperdere
Ullos de his insontibus,
Immunes scelere.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
Viris absentibus.
Dispereat, inquit *Percæus*,
Huic adversarius.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
The chiefest harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

Before I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me *Piercy*, I think it were
A great offence to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done none ill ;

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom this is deny'd.

Tunc armiger exiluit
Witherington nomine,
Regem, ait, scire noluit
Hoc præ dedecore ;

Quod dux pugnaverat, pedes,
Me stante obiter,
Vos duo estis comites,
Ast ego armiger ;

Obnixè omne faciam,
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare machæram
A me pugnabitur.

Anglicani tendunt arcus,
Quam cordatissimè ;
Decies sex a missilibus
Cæduntur Scotici.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
  Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
  To *Henry* our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
  And I stood looking on :
You are two Earls, said *Witherington*,
  And I a Squire alone ;

I'll do the best, that do I may,
  Whilst I have power to stand ;
Whilst I have power to wield my sword
  I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *English* archers bent their bow
  Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
  Full threescore Scots they slew.

Adversus feras sectantes
  Missit *Duglasius*
Torvum ducem dimicantes,
  Fractis hostilibus.

Incincti sunt celeriter
  Parum pigritiæ,
Multusque jacet belliger
  Inanis animæ.

Pol ! dolor erat visere
  Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique
  Perfusos sanguine.

Comites tandem cohibent
  Multo magnanimè ;
Instar leones feribant
  Truci certamine.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl *Douglas* had the bent.
The captains, moved with muckle pride,
Their spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The groans of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wood, they laid on loads,
And made a cruel fight ;

Pugnârunt vel intundere
  Districtis ensibus,
Ac maduerunt cruore
  Æqué ac imbribus.

Ut dedas, ait *Duglasius*,
  Te ducam subitò,
Ubi eris præpositus
  A Rege *Jacobo.*

Pro gratis redimam captum
  Et celebrabo te
Equitem quam magnificum
  Et sine compare.

Cui *Percæus* ait, minime,
  Quod offers respuo;
Nollem unquam me dedere
  Viventi *Scotico;*

They fought until they both did sweat,
  With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
  They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas* said;
  In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
  By *James* our *Scottish* King:

Thy ransom I will freely give,
  And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
  That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
  Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*
  That ever yet was born.

Tunc est emissus calamus
  Ab arcu *Anglico*,
Quo fixus est *Duglasius*,
  Heu, tenus cerculo.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,
  Viri contendite ;
Quid ni mors mea propinquat
  Spectante Comite.

Tum *Percæus* exanimi,
  Manum ut prenderet,
Dicit, causâ *Duglasii*
  Se terras perdere.

Vel cor, ait, fundit sanguinem
  Præ tui gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem equitem
  Removit noxia.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an *English* bow,
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall!

Then leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life
Would I had lost my land:

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

Miles decernens *Scoticus*
Duglasium emori,
In *Percæum* mortem ejus
Devovit ulcisci,

Hugo de *Monte Gomerè*,
Hastâ cum splendidâ,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per agmina ;

Præteriens sagittarios
Anglos impavidè
Percæios ventriculos
Foravit cuspide ;

Tantâ cum violentiâ
Fodit corpuscula
Plus tres pedes per illia
Transivit hastulâ.

A knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
  Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
  Upon the Lord *Piercy ;*

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
  Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
  Rode fiercely thro' the fight,

And pass'd the *English* archers all,
  Without all dread or fear ;
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then
  He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such a vehement force and might
  He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side
  A full cloth-yard and more :

Sic ceciderunt comites,
  Quam invictissimè,
Quum sagittario subit res
  Percæum occidi.

Arcum intentum dexterâ
  Factum insigniter
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ
  Implevit fortiter :

Hugonem Gomeri versus
  Sic telum statuit,
Vel anserinus calamus
  In corde maduit.

Ad vesperam ab aurorâ
  Duravit prælium :
Octavâ scilicet horâ
  Vix est præteritum.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
An *English* archer then perceiv'd
 The noble Earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Unto the head drew he ;

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
 So right the shaft he set :
The grey goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,
 Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening bell,
 The battle scarce was done.

Cum *Percæio* est peremptus
Dominus de *Egerton,*
Joannes Ratcliffe, Robertus
Et *Jacobus* baron,

Jacobus et *Georgius,*
Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby dominus
Periit magnanimis.

Pro *Witherington* sit gemitus
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de genibus
Truncatis cruribus.

Perierunt cum *Duglasio*
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel â campo
Nunquam dicessurus :

With brave Earl *Piercy* there were slain,
  Sir *John* of *Egerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,
  Sir *James* that bold baron ;

And with Sir *George* and stout Sir *James*,
  Both knights of good account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was slain,
  Whose prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
  As one in doleful dumps :
For when his legs were smitten off,
  He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain,
  Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field
  One foot would never flee ;

De *Ratcliffe Murrel Carolus*
Nepos à sorore ;
David Lamb bene habitus
Exangui corpore.

Ac etiam *Markwell* dominus
Deditus est neci :
Vix è duobus millibus
Fugerunt sex deni.

E ter quingenis *Anglicis*
Non sex deni abiere ;
In *Luco* cæsis cæteris
Sub fagi tegmine.

A plurimis cras viduis
Lugetur miserè :
Vulnera lota lachrymis
Nec prevaluere.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir *David Lamb,* so esteem'd,
They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise
Did with Earl *Douglas* die.
Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred *Englishmen*
Went home but fifty-three :
The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase,*
Under the green-wood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail :
They wash'd their wounds in briny tears,
Yet all would not prevail.

Cruentata corpuscula
 Secum abstulere:
Millies dederunt oscula
 Defunctis funere.

Fertur apud *Edinburgham*,
 Regnante *Jacobo*:
Duglasium subitò cæsum
 Fuisse jaculo:

O lamentabile, dixit,
 Scotia sit testis,
Haud alius dux superfuit
 Æqualis ordinis.

Henrico tradibat fama,
 Pari intervallo,
Percæium de *Northumbricâ*
 Occisum in *Luco*:

Quum Rex edixit, valeat;
 Rebus sic stantibus.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple gore,
  With them they bore away,
And kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
  When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to *Edinburgh*,
  Where *Scotland's* King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
  Was with an arrow slain.

Oh, heavy news! King *James* did say,
  Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
  Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
  Within as little space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
  Was slain in *Chevy Chace*.

Now God be with him, said our King,
  Sith 'twill no better be ;

Spero quod regnum abundat
  Quingenis talibus.

Ast sentient me ulciscentem
  Scoti et *Scotia*,
Ac vindictam inferentem
  Percæi gratiâ.

Quod est a Rege præstitum
  Cæsis in montibus
Quinquies denis militum
  Nec non baronibus.

Ac de plebe perierunt
  Centum perplurimi
Venatum sic finierunt
  Percæi domini.

Sic rex et grex beatulus
  Pace et copiâ :
Ac absit à magnatibus
  Malevolentia.

FINIS.

I trust I have, within my realm,
  Five hundred good as he;

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say
  But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revenged on them all,
  For brave Earl *Piercy's* sake.

This vow the King full well perform'd,
  After at *Humble-Down*,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
  With lords of great renown;

And of the rest of small account,
  Did many thousands die;
Thus endeth the hunting of *Chevy Chace*,
  Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless this land,
  In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
  'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE END.

NOTES

ON THE

ITINERARY.

NOTES ON THE ITINERARY.

BEFORE we proceed to supply any illustrative or explanatory notes upon the text of Barnabee's Journal, it may not be unacceptable to give a contemporary character of our hero, and, as it is material to the history of the work, to make some observations as to the probable origin of the Title, and also of the time at which the whole was written and printed.

The first part of this inquiry will be confined to the popular character of

TIPPLING BARNABY.

Drunkenness is a passion that in every age has been too commonly tolerated, although part of its seductive characteristics are uniform: that of unnerving the strong-

est, idiotizing the wisest, and rousing brutal ferocity in the ignorant. But this mental destroyer, of resistless sway, had, and probably continues to have, its peculiar or gradatory followers.

In the early days of our Author the pipe and the pot were fashionable pursuits; the novelty of the first served to increase the influence of the latter, and a "brown dozen" of votaries to drinking has been delineated by a contemporary writer, as each possessing a particular bias and fixed character. Barnaby was one of these, and intended to exhibit a jovial tippler although only a "maudlin drunkard." Such a one as the precise water-drinker must fancy is never actually sober, and yet at the close of a hard bout, the reason not being totally eclipsed, is never supposed actually drunk. Thus from an extremely rare tract * is obtained an outline of our bibacious Itinerant.

* *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (ali-ass Drinkhards) whipt, and shipt to the Ile of Gulls: For their*

"*Of Drunken Barnabee.* With whom to make a short dispatch, and to trusse up

---

abusing of Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-broth, the brainlesse daughter of Sir Iohn Barley-corn.

All joco-seriously descanted to our { *Wine-drunk* / *Wrath-drunk* / *Zeale-drunk* } *staggering Times.*

By one that hath drunk at St. Patrick's Well. [Woodcut.] *London: Printed by Robert Austin at Adlin-hill,* 1648. 4to. 12 leaves. A page of verses is prefixed as "the author's friend to every sober and solid reader."

The names of the brown dozen, or, as now proverbialized, baker's dozen (thirteen), are

1. *Drunken Wimble-tree, ali-ass Reeler.*—Rolls like a wheel barrow, and "an emblem of our perniz'd times, as good as any in Catz, Quarles, Whitney, or Withers."

2. *Drink-hard Helluoh.*—"No flincher, he will stand to it more than any tinker."

3. *Of Drunken Barnabee.*

4. *One drunken Tom Trouble-towne, or Troublesome.*—A wonderful linguist, "a blustring blatrant blade he is, who cannot be content to be drunk in silence."

5. *Drunken Agònethes.*—The master of the Revels called M. Controller, "is wonderful punctual, for discipline is observ'd more strictly in his taphouses then in some temples."

6. *Drunken Dick the Gull-Gallant.*—This be a true Trojan and a mad merry grig though no Greek: "consorts himselfe usually with Coridons and Coblers, Rake-hells and Raveners, Oastlers and Tapsters, Raggamuffins and Tatergallians, Tipplers and Tin-

his humor in a paper halter, because we have dwelt too long upon Helluoh, this

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kers, he feeds these spaniels which fawne upon him with good lappings from the tap."

7. *Drunken Laurence, ali-ass Lusty-guts*—"When he puts off his considering cap and puts on his barly cap as he begins to be a friend to Bacchus and Ceres, he shewes himself no foe to Venus.—This late Lusty Laurence that Lancashire lad, who had 17 bastards in one year, if we believe his ballad, after his ale-mash and hot provender is a stallion that neighs after every female filly."

8. *Drunken Don Quixot, ali-ass Wittypoll.*—Of a sudden by the fumes of Bacchus a mushrump poet, never so good a poetaster as when a pot-taster. "His pen pricks sharper than a porcupine's, his ink is as strong as his drink, it pierceth into a man's brains in jerking Iambicks and pricking Satyres sharper than the bristles of a hedge-hogg, it were able to make another Hipponax go hang himselfe."

9. *Drunken Spermologus.*—A word-minter, a Coriatized Odcomb.

10. *Drunken Philautus.*—Drunk with selfe-conceit as well as wine. "No sooner a note above Ela in his maultified Mentall musick, but then especially he conceits all his geese to be swans, his capons cocks, his goats sheep, his rats rabbits, and his glow-worms blazing-stars."

11. *Drunken Sip-Sobrius.*—"A strange hermaphrodite that in one hour changeth from drunk to sober."

12. *Drunken Clericus or Simplicius.*—"The Countrey Vicar who to his meat must have liquor."

13. *Drunken Tom Tell-troath.*—What is to be known

Barnabee, ali-ass Maudlin-drunk, besides the description that his proper new Ballad makes of him, *as drunke all night and dry in the morning*, his catch being, 'Still one tooth is dry,' like one old Chamberlaine, called old Twitcher in Yorkshire, who though he had washed many hundred pounds downe his throat, protested he was yet dry for all that: but passing by that humour, which hath some coincidence with Helluohs, this our maultified maudlin is but halfe drunk and halfe sober, like a newter in religion, halfe a protestant, halfe a papist, halfe light, halfe darknesse, like a twi-light; or as a luke warme Laodicean professor halfe hot, halfe cold, or indeed his true Hierogliphick is an Archized, Tarltonized Buffon, half a fool, half a knave;

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tell him, "he would vent it sooner in his cups, than if I told it in a barber's shop, a mill, a market, a schoole-house amongst boyes, a bakehouse amongst wenches, or at a gooseup's feast."

like a mule half an horse, halfe an asse; or a Cynocephalist, halfe a dog, halfe an ape: or a Maremaid, half fish, half flesh (*Mulier formosa supernè desinens in piscem*): but chiefly reflecting on Virgil's worse verse, as a ventriloquist termed his *semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum,* half a man in his sober part, halfe an oxe, a very beast in his acted drunken postures: just (or unjust) as King Philip was on his tribunall; half asleep, half awake. Not as a lion, the emblem of a politician, waking when he feignes to sleep, as that Witt-all, or all-wit the Roman did to Mecænas (with his *soli Mecœnati dormio*); but like a semidormant, and semivigilant, betwixt hawke and buzzard, cup and can, a semi-drunkard, and semi-soberatus, quoth old Horsley, like a meer mongrill: halfe a gray-hound, halfe a mastife Yet as in divinity we say, that God will have all in man or nought, the whole man or no man; without any more

will to admit a corrivall then Cæsar to shift stakes with Pompey, or Alexander with Darius, or the true mother once to divide the child with the false mother: Detesting an Agrippa that is but half persuaded to be a Christian and no further: like a cake half bak'd: or flesh half boil'd or half broil'd, occasioning so much our Irish fluxes. So in morality, though I approve what Paul allowed Timothy, and Solomon's mother the sad-hearted, a little wine, as a little raine to refresh the earth, not to bog it with too much; or so many cups from the grape (according to the old distinction) as tend to necessity and to hilarity, yea to acuity, to whetten the wits of a heavy Dutchman, and to heat a cold Bœotian braine; yet I dislike a man to be half drunk, maudlin drunk, and but partly sober, as I distast a man that is but partly honest, and not downright: as Cato in Rome, and Phocion in Athens. And a woman that is

suspected to be too great a dancer with the Romane Sempronia; or too great a comrade with young gallants, like Augustus his Livia, and Julia, to be held absolutely honest. But to trouble the by-standers no more with this half-staking gamester, I touch upon another who hath oft troubled me."

OF THE TITLE.

Under this head the enquiry branches into two questions:

1st. Whether the name of *Barnabee* may be believed to have originated with any particular person.

2dly. Whether it was appositely adopted from the local popularity of an old catch or ballad.

Minute as the account given in the life of the many relatives of Brathwait may appear, let it be recollected that the same is con-

fined to the *paternal* branches only; which were sufficiently numerous, and enough dispersed to furnish such a succession of visits, within the pale of his own family, as to make Brathwait imbibe the unsettled spirit of a rambler, and to give birth to that coinage of adventure displayed in the Itinerary.

That a fuller notice of the maternal branch of the family should be reserved to this place, has arisen from the novelty it offers to our consideration in exhibiting the name of *Barnabee* among the near relatives of Brathwait. His father, as already stated, married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Byndloss, of Haylston, whose wife was Agnes daughter of . . . . Harrison. Their issue was 1. Anne, mar. William Fleming. 2. The above-named Dorothy. 3. Sir Robert B., knight; married first, Mary Elstoff of Thornhill, Yorkshire; second, Alice Dockwray of Dockwray-hall, Kendall. 4. Chris-

topher, married Millicent Dalton of Lancaster; 5. Anne, married Walter Jobson; 6. Thomas; 7. Walter; 8. *Barnaby.*

Of the history of this maternal uncle christened *Barnaby,* no particulars are known. The pedigree states the last three sons as all dying without issue, but does not supply any dates for those events. Therefore whether the youngest son *Barnaby,* died in infancy or lived to a maturer age, remains at present uncertain. In either case, from the alliance to Brathwait, the fact of his existence could not be silently omitted. He might live to figure away as the roving, jolly bachelor; the first promoter of convivial meetings, and boon companion at all opportunities; restlessly in search of novelty, always rambling independently through the country, a welcome favourite of women, and if not the glowing prototype of the hero of the *Itinerarium,* still such an outline of the original 'malt-

worm' as needed only the touch of the poet to supply life, colouring, and immortality. If such a bibacious reveller did exist, and obtained no more than provincial notoriety, does it seem too much to expect, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some traditional information of his history? some proverb founded on his eccentricity? or some facetious monumental record, in imitation of his great fore-runner tippling Elderton, to proclaim in his grave that *he was dry?* *

By the title page it was intended to prevent any personal application of the charac-

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* Brathwait's knowledge of this character, who "for ballads never had peer," was not discovered when the last edition was printed. The original Epitaph on Elderton is given in the "Remains after Death," 1618, with a translation and comment, thus:

"That of one Elderton (an inscription too bitter) yet to disauthorize that sin, (which, like that powerfull ointment whereof Apuleius relates, amongst the Thessalonians, transforming and metamorphosing men into brute beasts) to wit drunkennesse, whereof

ter of *Barnabee*, in declaring that the Journal was "to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old tune of *Barnabe* commonly chaunted;" which leads to the last

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he was taxed, nothing can be too vehement or violent:

> *Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus;*
> *Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius situs est.*
> Camb. in *Remains.*

> Heere drunken Elderton in earth lies thrust,
> Lies thrust (say I) or rather here lies thirst.

Again in *Nature's Embassie*, 1621, at p. 130, is the following marginal note to the ninth Satyr "of Epicurisme."

"Resembling one Elderton on whom this inscription was writ:

> "Here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now thrust:
> What said I thrust? nay, rather here lies thirst."
> *In Rem. of a greater Worke.*

This Epitaph was imitated by another hand in the following lines *On a Drunkard:*

> "——the drunkard,* while he liv'd would say,
> The more I drinke the more me thinks I may:
> But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
> For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust."
> See *Wit's Recreations*, 1640.

* Later editions read 'Bibax the drunkard.'

part of the inquiry, under the present head, where we again need information.

The "old tune of *Barnabe*," or, as elsewhere named, "old catch of *Whoop Barnaby*," has escaped all research, however ardently and extensively pursued within the last sixty years, for the purpose of reviving our ancient music and ballads.

The popularity of the words, or tune, or both, first appears by the character of "*Barnabe*, a hir'd coachman," being introduced by Ben Jonson once in a scene of the comedy of *The new Inn or the light Heart*. The slight connection of this character with the developement of the story of the drama renders the name of *Barnabee* too trifling for any other purposes of Jonson than in part to personify a favourite old catch, and thereby to secure applause from the "groundlings" and gallery. *Barnabe*, the hired coachman, having driven to Barnet, is "as drie as dust," and inquires of

Jordan, the landlord, an old acquaintance,

"How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the saddler?
Keep their penny-club, still?
Jor. And th' old *catch* too,
Of Whoop *Barnaby.*
Bar. Doe they sing at me?
Jor. They are reeling at it in the parlour, now.
Bar. I'le to 'hem: Gi' mee a drinke first.
Jor. Where's thy hat?
Bar. I lost it by the way: Gi' me another.
Jug. A hat?
Bar. A drinke."*———

Jonson again mentions this catch in a Masque that was performed several times at Court, called *The Gypsies*, where a pilfering Gypsy is described to have taken from Christian "her Practice of Piety with a bowed groat, and the ballad of *Whoop Barnabee*, which grieves her worst of all."†

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* *The New Inne*, 1631, oct.
† *The Masque of the Gypsies*, printed by J. Okes, 1640.

Edmund Prestwich, in a poem printed 1651, "On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow," with some humour tells him:

> "Wert thou but musically giv'n, by thee
> How rarely *Barnaby* would chaunted be,
> When as the Drunkard might take all along,
> His reeling measures from thy stagg'ring tongue?"

Another celebrated writer of that period, Charles Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, 1664, introduces the name to imply significantly the act of *reeling*.

> "Bounce cries the port-hole; out they fly,
> And make the world dance Barnaby."*

With these notices may be given a Song, pointed out by a literary acquaintance, which, whatever its merit may be, is incidentally entitled to insertion.

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* Dancing was one of the accomplishments in which Brathwait, as appears by his works, excelled; and probably described himself for the hero that did

———"winne the LEGGE three yeeres together."

Shepheard's Tales, 1621, part 1, p. 18.

[SONG.]

To the tune of *Pip my Cock.*

"Alas! poor silly Barnaby, how men do thee molest;
In city, town, and countrey, they never let thee rest:
For let a man be merry, at even or at morne,
They will say that he is *Barnaby*, and laugh him for to scorn;
And call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone:
But can they not 'tend their drinking, and let Barnaby alone?

You city dames so dainty, that are so neat and fine,
That every day drinks plenty of spice and claret wine,
But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet,
They will not suffer Barnaby to walke along the street,
But call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone:
Cannot you 'tend your gossepping, and let Barnaby alone?

You clerks and lawyers costly, that are so fine and nice,
When you do meet so costly, with a cup of ale and spice,

You will take your chamber, before you do begin,
Although you steale him privatly, you count it is no
sin,
Though Barnaby stands open, in sight of every one,
What, cannot you 'tend your drinking, and let
Barnaby alone?

But I have seen some hostis, that have taken a pott
When her head runs giddy, she'l call for a double
shott,
Although she gets her living by such kind of gests,
Shall mock, scoffe, and deride me, as deeply as the
rest,
But call me drunken Barnaby when all my money
is gon,
But cannot they look to their mault man, and let
Barnaby alone?" *

A gentleman now living recollects hearing, early in life, an elderly person singing part of the original ballad, and varying the

* *Wit and Drollery, Joviall Poems: corrected and much amended with additions. By Sir J. M., Ja. S., Sir W. D., J. D. and the most refined Wits of the age.* 1661. 12mo.

last line of the fragment, inserted before, at p. 18, thus:

"The drunk over night are dry the next morning."

From the same friendly communication was obtained the following notice of a very modern reference to the musick of this catch. In Henry Fielding's *Author's Farce, with a Puppet Shew called the Pleasures of the Town,* act iii. is the following song to the tune of "*Hey Barnaby take it for warning,*" sung by Punch and an Orator, which is repeated here to supply the measure of the old ballad.

"*P.* No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons or you are nonsuited.
Heigh ho.
No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator you are mistaken.
O. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti to."

As this piece was acted at the Haymarket in 1729, and revived with alterations at Drury Lane some years afterwards, it makes it the more remarkable that no certain information can be given of the original.

No particular date can be assigned to the composition of the Itinerary. It seems a piece of mingled fact and fiction, the accumulation of a space of nearly thirty years; and we must not hastily admit all the author desires to have believed in the lines "*Upon this Work*," vol. ii. p. 7. The four journies were never the offspring of only a "three days' task;" nor yet wholly written in "the first spring of his minority" when no "razor then had touched his chin," as, by his own confession, at the conclusion of the last tour the hours of youth were fled. Many of the adventures originated in a heated and unripe imagination, while others, founded on local and provincial occurrences, or domestic events of the author's life, are strictly cor-

rect: and, to a few incidents, dates can be assigned. These dates create a doubt whether this prefatory poem applies to more than the first and second parts. The first journey commenced at Banbury, probably while he was a student at Oxford, and ended at Staveley. His second excursion was to London; where having arrived, the poem appears as if intended to end by the stanza "*Upon the Errata's.*" Nor is it improbable that was the fact; and the printing of it suspended from the cold reception of the *Strappado for the Divel* in 1615, the fate of which Brathwait thus records: "A pleasant poeme by the author long since published, and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed."*

Among the poems printed with the *Strappado* is one inscribed "to the worshipful Recorder of Kendall," wherein it is said

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* *Essays upon the Five Senses,* 1635, p. 175.

"my Journey's at an end," and if these words may not be applied to one of the first two parts of the Itinerary, they have scarcely any meaning. The following Epigram, in the same collection, seems derived from his desire to perpetuate his progresses.

"*In Poetam Hippodramum;* or Post-riding Poet.

" It tooke a poet once i' th' head to poast,
For what I know not, but I'me sure it cost
His nurse far more (as I have heard some say)
Then ere his muse was able to repay."

In the last two journies, Barnabee, without abating in humour, displays in himself a rather more staid character. His amours terminate in disappointments; and his muse narrates scenes less disgraceful than tippling brawls and sottish revels. At Darlington he marries: and then our Itinerant begins to traffic as a drover or dealer in cattle, solemnly

proclaiming the necessity of living chaste, from the eyes of the country being upon him. At a still later period his rambling terminates with settling at Staveley, where the narrative of his journies underwent a revision. In performing this task, events chronicled long before needed an addition, by way of notes, to fashion them to more recent occurrences. Thus the stanza on Kendal, which ends the third journey, vol. ii. p. 336, and Barnabee's note thereon, are of very different dates; as the one must have preceded and the other as certainly followed the eleventh year of Charles I. (1636).* The plague described in the visit to Wansforth Brigs did not happen until the year 1642.† It is therefore conclusive those lines were added during or later than the civil wars. There is also distinct proof of another note hitched upon a stanza to record a subsequent event;

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* See note p. 130. † Note, p. 118.

it is that upon Pomfret Castle,* for, if we consider the unswerving loyalty of Brathwait, it cannot be doubted that the allusion therein is to STUART, and consequently added after the death of that unfortunate monarch.

This circumstance fixes the time of printing the Itinerary to the Interregnum, when it was not very easy to obtain a license to publish a work that tended to unveil, or ridicule, however slightly, the usurping powers ; and to publish without licence might hazard immediate suppression, as well as render it unsafe for the printer to affix his name. However, that name has not entirely, we believe, escaped research. All the capitals and rule ornaments used in the first edition, (and several are of rather peculiar character) are found in a little work by Brathwait, nearly contemporary, printed

* Vol. ii. p. 278-9.

for J. H. We therefore consider it probable that the printer was *John Haviland,* and the time of publication about 1650.

P. 5.

Loyall Pheander, &c.—These lines are similar to the following at the end of the postscript to *Ar't asleepe Husband?* 1640.

"That Great Commander peerlesse for a fellow,
Layd Homers Works under his royall pillow;
I'm but a poore Commander, yet in stead
Of those, I'le lay this Boulster for my head."

P. 7, l. 7.

"I'd ne're seene any curtaine nor partition."

A more explanatory comment on this line it is not likely will be found than in the following passage from Brathwait's address in the *Strappado* to *Mounsieur Bacchus.*

——————————————"I'le expresse
What motiues there be of licentiousnesse

Within thy brothel closures, and with all
Complaine of thy partitions, how the fall
Of many a simple virgine (though shee's loath
To do't, poore wench) comes from a painted cloath,
A curtain, or some hanging of like sort,
Which done, God wot, they'ue cause to curse thee
for't."

P. 12—13.

Ad Translatorem.—To the Translator.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the insufficiency of the English compared with the Latin text, there cannot be any reason for questioning that they were both the production of Brathwait. Upon translating the *Arcadian Princess* from the Italian of Mariano Silesio, he observes: "If this new dresse doe not become him, all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no other: 'there is great difference betwixt Taylor and Translator.' Sure I am, that the *loome* is the same, if not the *lustre*; the *stuffe* the same, though not the *colour*."

Which may be equally applied to the Itinerary; and that he translated when sober what obtained birth from his more convivial hours, according to his own quotation:

> "When I'm drunke as any Rattin,
> Then I rap out nought but Lattin."
>
> *Law of Drinking*, 1617.

We shall contentedly drop the question by exhibiting specimens of our author's English poetry in the same manner as he recites his travels.

To Dorinda, successiue Nuptials.

> "Purest Nimph that Hybla bred,
> With Ambrosia nourished,
> Beautie's glorie, nature's mirror,
> Heauen's blest Trophie, worlde's terror,
> Nature made thee and thy feature
> As it seemes to put downe nature,
> Most admir'd, when most deiected,
> Humble most, when most erected."
>
> *The Poet's Willow*, 1614.

"An Epigramme called *The Cambrian Alchymist.*

" The planet-stroken Albumazor
Shaues the Muses like a razor ;
Fayry like we therefore shun them,
Cause there is no haire vpon them,
Muses loose their ornament,
Cambria has their excrement.————
In a clowde ? it's rather showne,
Like the man that's in the moone,
Where our Iles Ardelio,
Descants of Tom Trinkillo ;
Form'd like one that's all in mist,
Like a second Alchymist.
Strange the project was, I wis,
Of this metamorphosis ;
Nought was, if I understood,
Good, but that it was deem'd good
By the great ; O worthy feate,
To be worthlesse deemed great."

Strappado for the Devil, 1615, p. 114.

" Care who loves then, let him liue
Single ; whereas such need lesse

As themselves to marriage giue,
For these want what they possesse;
Care whereof breedes now and then
Broken sleeps in many men."

Vpon the Single Life, published with *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619.

" Nor the crazie citizen
But is furr'd up to the chin:
Oister-callet, slie Upholster,
Hooking Huxster, merrie Malster,
Cutting Haxter, courting Roister,
Cunning sharke, nor sharking Foister."

Nature's Embassie, 1621, p. 253.

" Haplesse-hopelesse is that clime,
Which is of this humour sicke,
And in sleep consumes her time,
Ruine to states politicke:
States are ever most secure,
When they hold themselves least sure."

Arcadian Princess, 1635, p. 126.

P. 18—19.

Banbury. Barnabee was the determined

foe of the Puritans, between whom and the poets a few skirmishes had taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the brunt of the battle was sustained during the two following reigns, until the Puritans were totally discomfited at the Restoration. Some one, not inaptly, has said, "the poets were pert and the Puritans petulant." The first in their satires exposed the others as hypocrites, who in return, in the pestilent heat of their doctrines attempted to brand their opponents as Atheists. Jonson condescended, by his character of "Zeal-o-the-land-busy,"* to enlist as a distinguished leader, followed by our author,† with Randolph, Cokain, Cartwright, and others of

* See comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted 31 Oct. 1614.

† Brathwait, on another occasion, says of the Puritan:

"A walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,
Trunk hose, small ruffe, deminutiue in forme,
Shew'd to each man *He* was the *child of grace*."

minor import, each having a cut at this big body of deformity, until it was finally dissected by the unrivalled Butler.

The story of hanging the cat, true or invented, was first related by Brathwait, in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109, addressed

To the Precisian.

" For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,
(Because th' art pure forsooth) on any booke
Saue homilies, and such as tend to th' good
Of thee and of thy zealous brother-hood:
Know *my time-noting lines* ayme not at thee,
For thou art too too curious for mee.
I will not taxe that man that's wont to slay
" His cat for killing mise on th' Sabboth day;
No; know my resolution it is thus,
I'de rather be thy foe than be thy pus:
And more should I gaine by 't: for I see
The daily fruits of thy fraternity:" &c.

This was published in 1615, and probably alludes to a current story, as the inverted commas before the eighth line seem to imply

the subject borrowed: though no such distinction appears when repeated by John Taylor, the water-poet, in describing a Brownist:

"The spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,
Suppose his cat on Sunday kill a rat,
She on the Munday must be hang'd for that." *

Again it occurs in a poem "*Upon Lute strings Cat-eaten.*"

"Pusse, I will curse thee, maist thou dwell
With some dry Hermet in a cel,
Where Rat ne're peep'd, where Mouse ne're fed,
And flies go supperlesse to bed:
Or with some close-par'd Brother, where
Thou'lt fast each Sabbath in the yeare,
Or else, profane, be hanged on Monday,
For butchering a Mouse on Sunday." †

* *The Praise of Hemp-seed.* Taylor's Works, fol. 1630.

† *Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses' Recreation. By Sir J. M. and Ja. S.* 1655, 2nd ed. 1656, 12mo.

This conventicle rap was also introduced upon the stage by William Sampson, in the play of *The Vow Breaker*.* In the third act we have: "Enter Joshua, his cat in a string, Miles, Ball." The scene is too long to be repeated here. Joshua is made to exclaim against "the heathen bables, the may-poles of time, and pageants of vanity; but I will convince them of error, and scoure their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations." Of the cat he observes: "She did kill a mouse, I but when? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday:" and afterwards passes sentence thus: "I adjudge thee to be hanged this Munday for killing a mouse yesterday, being the high day."

No apology can be required for preserv-

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* *The Vow-Breaker, or, the Faire Maide of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, as it hath beene divers times acted by severall Companies with great applause. By William Sampson.*—1636, 4to.

ing here the following ballad, which is now little known. The old printed copy has been corrected by another in manuscript, but neither of them enables us to fix the year when originally written, however certain it was contemporary with our author.

SONG.

"A presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey,
And in the house
She caught a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Minister offended at such a deed profane,
Threw by his book,
The Cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

'Thou damn'd confounded creature, and blood-sucker, (says he,)
'Tis enough to throw
To hell, below,
My holy house and me.

Thou well may'st be assured thou blood for blood
shall pay
That in thy strife
Took mouse's life
Upon the Sabbath day.'

O then he took his Bible book, and earnestly he
pray'd
That the great sin,
The Cat was in,
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution was poor Grimalkin
drawn,
Where on a tree
There hang'd was she,
While Pres. John sung a psalm.

Since the act of Puritan and they that bear such
sway,
You ne'er must kill
A louse nor mouse
Upon the Sabbath day." *

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* Printed from an excellent collection of popular lyrical pieces, called *The Aviary, or Magazine of British Melody,* oblong, no date, (about 1740,)

This passage of our author was happily applied, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, by the late Mr. Courtenay, against two of the Members whose zeal appeared rather overstrained. It was in March 1795, on a Bill for the better observance of Sunday being introduced into Par-

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corrected by a copy in manuscript from the collection of a literary gentleman.—Mr. Franks of Stockton, nephew to the late Mr. Ritson, obligingly communicated the transcript of an old copy, from *The Raven*: *a choice Collection of Roaring Songs, calculated for the sole use and benefit of such Gentlemen as have little Judgment and no Voice.* 8vo. MS. The Aviary is nearly the same as the latter, except wanting the title of "The Sabbath Breaker, or Murder reveng'd." Another variation of the above song, with two additional verses that form an impotent conclusion, is collected among the *Jacobite Relics* by James Hogg, 1819, p. 37. It is there described as a "popular country song," and entitled the *Cameronian Cat,* though evidently an English composition. By the arrangement the editor to whom we are indebted for this interesting collection appears to have believed it a jacobite production of the time of James II.; but it was undoubtedly levelled against the unbending Oliverians who never intended a king should enjoy his own again. Mr. Hogg describes it as "always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters."

liament by Sir William Dolben and Sir Richard Hill. In debate it was warmly as well as wittily attacked by Mr. Courtenay, who, among other things, said, he would read to the House six lines, whimsically prophetical of this very bill, extracted from a curious little book called "*Rowland's Itinerary.*"

> "In Oxford, much against my will,
> I met two knights, Dolben and Hill;
> The first he was a most profane one,
> The next a rigid puritane one,
> Who hang'd his wicked cat on Monday,
> Because she catch'd a mouse on Sunday."

Sir William Dolben, in reply, treated the quotation as a mere fiction, and compared his antagonist to Lauder the calumniator of Milton. Mr. Courtenay, in explanation, said, the Honourable Baronet had given him more credit than he deserved in ascribing the lines to him; they were taken

from a book called "*Drunken Barnaby's Travels.*" *

That our author should particularly satirize the town of Banbury for its puritanism, might arise from the greater number of the inhabitants being of that persuasion. "There is a credible story, (says Bishop Gibson), that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia,* Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found, that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr. Camden thinking it too light in expression, chang'd the word *ale* into *zeal*; and so it pass'd, to the great indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town."†

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* See Debates, 26th March, 1795, in the *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xli. p. 151.

† *Camden's Britannia*, ed. 1753, c. 300.

Braithwait was well acquainted with *Camden's Britannia*, as appears by a note on the Itinerary,* and no stranger to this anecdote at the time of writing his epistle to the Cottoneers, where it was indirectly made the subject of his muse. See note on Bradford, p. 263.

Another equally facetious traveller, Bishop Corbet, in the *Iter Boreale*, also remarked the number and variety of sectaries with which Banbury abounded:

> "The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
> Like a grand sallet: Tinkers, what a town is't."†

And in "A Poem [by Cleveland] in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them idolatries," it is asked

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* Vol. ii. p. 415.

† *Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich.* [*By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A.* 1807.] p. 202.

——— ——— ——— ———" Shall we say
Banbury is turned Rome, because we may
See the Holy Lamb and Christopher? nay, more,
The altar stone set at the tavern doore?" *

P. 20—21.

Queen's College horn.—This ancient drinking horn, one of the Lions of the College to which it belongs, is supposed to be the finest in existence, and long celebrated for its antiquity, beauty, and richness, having just claim for a more elaborate description than the brevity of a note will allow.

P. 22—23.

Barkley. The Mayor, the chief magistrate, "tho' now, says Gibson, only titular." *Camden's Britannia.*

P. 22.

Donec creta fregit fidem: a poetical fic-

* *Parnassus Biceps*, 8vo. 1656, p. 3.

tion. Our author states in the *Address to Mon. Bacchus,*

——"I could say, and tru'y say, far more,
I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,
Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown
Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne,
Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,
As not be chalkt for want of ready pence. *

P. 24—25.

Gottam.—There seems intended a humorous transposition of the proverbial wisdom of the men to the women of Gottam. The female gull dancing in moonshine was probably founded on an accident which happened in the presence of Brathwait, who relates it as a *moot point,* whether to ascribe the same to Fate or the Taylor.

"Upon a time it chanced that I came
To Gottam, a small towne nere Nottingham,

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* *Strappado for the Divel,* 1615.

About which time they kept a solemne wake,
Where every liuely lad tooke in his make,*
Each lasse her lad, so as you need not feare
But ere they parted they made dancing deare ;
Amongst the rest a frolicke youth there was,
Who tooke to him a lustie bouncing lasse ;
Up went the crowd, the viole, and the fiddle,
While he right smoothly takes her by the middle,
Beginning with a kisse, for so they do it,
Which done right mannerly they went unto it.
Lightly he caper'd, youth is free from care,
And she as nimble, bates him not a haire;
But long they had not danc'd, till this yong maid,
In a frest stammell petticote array'd,
With vellure sleues, and bodies tied with points,
Began to feel a loosenesse in her joynts ;
So as about the may-pole while she tripps,
Downe fell her under-bodie from her hipps,
And show'd the naked truth, for all espide it.
Till one lent her his cloake that she might hide it.
Now pray you say whom ought we most to blame,
Fate, or the Taylor rather for the same,

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* *I. e.* mate.

Or neither, both, but th' fashion sure I weene,
But for her points she had not naked been :
So as it may a caveat be to such
Who use to stand upon their *points* too much.*

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* Lines of Fate in *Time's Cvrtaine Drawne*, &c. 1621.—In the same year was published *The Shepheard's Tales*, and in the Third Eglogve, Linus the Shepheard describes his wife, Lesbia, to

"Observe the fashion, do I what I could,
Bearing a port far higher in a word,
Than my abilitie could well afford :
That she I say into this fashion got,
(As what was th' fashion she affected not)
Of tying on with points her looser waste :
Now I obseruing how her points were plast,
The euen before she to a wake should go,
I all her points did secretly vndo,
Yet therwithall such easie knots did make,
That they might hold till she got to the wake,
Which she not minding ;
Cor. On, good Linus, on.
Lin. She hyes her to the wake (my Coridon)
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,
And nimbly falls vnto her reuelling.
But see the luck on't, while she scuds and skips,
Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,
Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,
That she vncas'd, should show the naked truth."

Breaking the points was a common joke against the prevailing fashion. A similar incident is related in *Kempe's Nine Dayes Wonder*, 1600, as happening when he arrived at the Cross at Norwich.

P. 24—38.

Mortimeriados.—This name is borrowed from an early title page of Drayton's : '*Mortimeriados,* the lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the Second, and the Barons.' 1596.

P. 32—33.

Aberford.—A little town, "famous for its art of pin-making ; the pins made here being in particular request among the ladies." —*Camden.*

P. 34—35.

Wakefield.—Every description of the valiant Pindar is worth preserving : the following lines are from the Poem *To the Cottoneers.**

"——————That I intend to show,
Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too ;
Which fame hath blaz'd, with all that did belong
Unto that towne in many a gladsome song :

* *Strappado for the Divel,* 1615.

The Pindars valour, and how firme he stood
In th' towne's defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin-hood.
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold:
His many May games which were to be seene,
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greene,
Where lonely Jugge and lustie Tibb would go,
To see Tom liuely turne vpon the toe;
Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
And many more I will not speake of here;
Good God! how glad hath been this hart of mine
To see that towne, which hath in former time
So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,
Famous by th' Pindar who first rais'd the same?
Yea, I haue paced ore that greene and ore,
And th' more I saw 't, I tooke delight the more;
For where we take contentment in a place,
A whole daies walke seems as a cinque pace:
Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,
Which is attended euermore with mirth:
But when we are transported most with gladnesse
Then suddenly our joye's reduc'd to sadnesse,
So far'd with me to see the Pindar gone,
And of the iolly laddes that were, not one
Left to suruiue: I grieu'd more then I'll say:
But now *for Bradford*—" (*See next note.*)

P. 36—7.

Bradford.—The same story is related, more at large, in the Epistle to *The Cottoneers*, just referred to.

————————" For Bradford I must hast away.
Bradford if I should rightly set it forth,
Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,
And well this title with the towne agrees,
Famous for twanging *ale*, ZEALE,* *cakes, and cheese:*
But why should I set zeale behinde their ale ?
Because zeale is for some, but ale for all ;
Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare
Of many zealous sempring sisters there)
Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaith,
For it is charity, as Scripture saith :
But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,
For what will th' wicked say that heare of this,
How by some euil brethren 't hath been sed,
Th' brother was found in 's zealous sister's bed."

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* See p. 255.

P. 36—7.

"Yet *bon-socios* and good fellows."

"A bonus socjus in good company."*

P. 36—7.

Giggleswick.—The scenery of this place is accurately delineated by our author. The "fresh spring" that continually ebbs and flows is described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion,* Song 28th, first published in 1612, and is still earlier noticed in the following lines, from a manuscript poem by another popular writer of that period:

"At Giggleswick, there many springes doe rise
That ebbe and flowe in strange and wondrous wise:
When 'tis at highest 'tis nyne ynches deepe,
At ebbe it doth but one ynche water keepe:
It ebbes and flowes each quarter of an howre."†

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* Poem *To the Cottoneers.*

† *The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes. Written by J*[ohn] *M*[arston] *Gent.* 1600. 4to. MS.

P. 39.

Clapham.—Index hand : This peculiarity of the press often occurs in Brathwait's prose works, to note a new sentence, proverb, &c. Here it appears uselessly or inadvertently introduced by the printer.

P. 42—43.

Staveley.—The etymology of this name is given in the *Epistle to the Cottoneers,* describing as the tutelar patroness of their trade, Carmentis, who established the Phrygian works, and coming from Rome to this Isle with Aquila, the fleet divided, and she arrived in the haven of Workington. After giving name to "Cartmell or Carment-hill," she continued her journey, and

——————" On Stauelaies Cliffes, they say,
She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffelay;
Corruptly Staulay, where she staid a space,
But seeing it a most notorious place,

And that th' trades-men were so giuen to th' pot,
That they would drinke far more than ere they got;
She turn'd from thence, yet left some maids behinde,
That might acquaint them in this wool-worke kinde,
While she did plant, as ancient records be,
Neerer to Kendall in th' Barronrie."*

P. 44—45.

Epigram.—Something similar had before come from the same mint. In *The Smoaking Age,* 1617, occurs "Bacchus Ivie-bush," and "bottle-nosed Bacchus," and Brathwait also inscribed a Poem

"To the true discouerer of secrets Mounsieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Ivy-bush, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, &c. &c." It begins—

"Bottle-nos'd Bacchus with thy bladder face,
To thee my muse comes reeling for a place."†

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* *Strappado for the Divel.* † Ibid.

Again—

"Bacchus cares not for outward signes a rush,
Good wine needs not the hanging of a bush."*

The same proverb is given in a madrigal:

"I am no merchant that will sell my breath,
Good wine needs not a bush to set it forth."†

P. 48—51.

It is conjectured the allusion here is to Tom Coriate. P.

P. 50—51.

Isle of Rhé.—This place was fruitlessly attacked by the Duke of Buckingham in 1627, some of whose official communications thereon are printed with *Miscellaneous State Papers*, 1778, 4to. vol. ii. p. 23. For "An Elegie upon the Death of Sir John

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* *Strappado for the Divel.*
† *Golden Fleece*, 1611.

Burrowes, slaine at the Isle of Ree," see *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

This is the only public event in the first two journies that militates against the conjecture of their being written about 1615 (p. 238), but it might have been introduced afterwards. At a later period Tom D'Urfey wrote *The Travels of Drunkard, the famous Curr* for his faithful attachment, when

> " Away went he and crost the sea,
> With's master, to the Isle of *Rhea*,
> A good way beyond Callicè."*

P. 50—51.

John a Gaunt.—By this allusion to John a Gaunt the town was undoubtedly Lancaster. It has a similar description, and is made the principal scene of action in the History of the *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, which begins: "Neare to that an-

* *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. vi.

cient towne of famous and time-honoured Gaunt, for her antiquity of site no lesse memorable recorded then for those eminent actions of her princely progenitors renowned." Barnabee proceeds to Ashton, which is "near to that ancient town," and where the "militem and heroinam" were no doubt the Androgeus and Euryclea, father and mother of Doriclea, in that history.

P. 52—53.

Preston.—At the time Taylor, the water-poet, made his *Penniless Pilgrimage,* he records Master Banister as the Mayor of Preston.

" Unto my lodging often did repaire
Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,
Who is of worship, and of good respect,
And in his charge discreet and circumspect;
For I protest to God I neuer saw
A towne more wisely gouern'd by th' law."*

* *Taylor's Works,* 1630, p. 126.

P. 54—55.

Rose.—In the encomiastic note upon Rose, the author seems to have borne in memory the following epitaph upon Rosamund, which he probably met with in his first journey, at Woodstock; or in Camden's *Britannia.*

> "*Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda,*
> *Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*"

> "Rose of the world, not Rose the fresh pure flow'r,
> Within this tomb hath taken up her bow'r;
> She scenteth now and nothing sweet doth smell,
> Which earst was wont to savour passing well."*

Cent-foot.—Thus again by our author:

> "Let s^t^. foote be, such follies lust afford,
> For fairest play is euer aboue boord."†

> "Or to play at foot-s^t^. with him."‡

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* *Camden,* vol. i. col. 299.
† *Morall to the Ciuell Diuell, Strappado,* &c.
‡ *Franke's Anatomie,* ibid.

P. 60—61.

Alluding to a *skimmington.* "This burlesque ceremony was the invention of a woman, who thereby vindicated the character of a neighbour of hers, who had stoutly beaten her husband for being so saucy as to accuse his wife of being unfaithful to his bed."§

P. 140—1.

Coventry.—Our author records the fame of "Coventry blew," yet rather singularly omits the opportunity of applying the popular allusion to the Puritans. Cleveland, 'in a new Litany,' says,

> "From a holy sister Coventry-blew,
> *Libera nos, Domine.*"

P. 68—69.

Stratford.—Frank Green was, probably, the female to whom Brathwait was "quondam friend," and subject of a poem entitled

§ *Popular Antiquities,* 1813, vol. ii. p. 110, note.

" An Embleme which the author composed in honour of his Mistris, to whom he rests euer deuoted : Allusiuely shadowing her name in the title of the Embleme, which hee enstiles His Frankes Anatomie." Her person is described with all the minuteness and freedom of the school of Donne and other contemporary poets. It is followed by another address " Upon his Mistris Nuptialls, entitled His Frankes Farewell."*

It may also be conjectured, 'for the name's sake,' she was joined afterwards with his wife in a complimentary effusion, as

An Hymne Thallassicall or Nuptiall ; implying two worths included in one name, paradoxally intimating the true happie state of contented Love.

" What I have, that I craue,
Frank I lost, yet Frank I haue ;

* *Strappado for the Divel*, 1615, p. 78–86.

Happie am I in possessing
Of her that giues Love a blessing:
Blessed loue, 'boue earthly ranke,
Stated in my style of Franke;
Happie style that thinkes no shame
In respect of nature, name,
Forme, affection, and in all
To be Franke, as we her call.—
Thus two Franks in beauty one,
Yeelds enough to dote upon;
Equall both in favour, feature,
Honour, order, name, and nature;
Both inclining to one stature,
Equall'd by no earthly creature.—
Yet if need's one th' *best* doe craue,
In my thoughts it's she I haue:
She whose vertues doe excell,
As they seeme imparalell;
Modest, yet not too precise,
Wise, yet not conceited wise.—
With this poem and a pearle,
Sent to Franke my faithful girle;
I conclude with friendly vow
To my Frank her neighbour too."*

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* *Time's Curtaine Drawne*, &c. Oct. 1621.

P. 68—69.

Orlando Furioso, see book xxiii.—Brathwait, in a poem called "How Fancie is a Phrensie," says:

> "Tell them the bookes I reade be such as treate
> Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelmerin*,
> Furious *Orlando*, and *Gerilion;*
> Where I obserue each fashion and each feate
> Of amorous humours, which, in my conceipt,
> Seeme to to rare: that they that were so strong
> Should be so mad, and I be tame so long."*

P. 71.

Skinkers.—Of Cornelius Vandunk, it is said, "there is no monument hee so highly admires, as that great vessell of Heidelberge, which he holds a competent draught (and no more than competent) for any *Skinker* in Europe."† The Skinker was therefore

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* *Strappado for the Divel*, p. 103.
† *The Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

considered a great drinker as well as a Tapster.* In the *Address to Bacchus* the author is to devise larger pots, and the others are to become forfeited:

"Which goods confiscate for their great abuse.
Nay, afterwards redound unto the use
Of all such noble *skinkers* (by confession)
As were deceived by men of this profession."*

P. 72—73, note.

Saint Alban.—Our author appears to have extended the sense as to this Calendar saint, whom, according to Camden, Fortunatus Presbyter mentions thus:

"*Albanum egregrium fœcunda Britannia profert.*
And fruitful Britain holy Alban shews."

P. 72—73.

Highgate.—We have it by tradition that

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* See *Shakespeare,* ed. 1803, vol. ii. p. 271.
† *Strappado for the Divel.*

our author, upon Highgate Hill, should say:

"Fare thee well, London, thou'rt good for nought else
But whoredom, and Durdam,* and ringing of belles."

P. 74—75.

Islington.—The prevalence of the sign of the Lion at ale-houses, is accounted for in Brathwait's character of 'A Painter:'

"My Lord Maiors day (says our author) is his Jubile, if any such inferior artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity: If not, Countrey presentments are his preferment; or else hee bestows his pencile on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where *Mother Redcap* must be set out in her colours. Here hee and his barmy

* An uproar or tumult, see Jamieson's *Dictionary*. So the old Scotch Ballad,

"Sic *hurdum durdum*, and sic din,
Sic fiddling and sic dancing," &c.

Hostesse draw both together, but not in like nature; she in ale, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which he meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a *signe,* and desire to have her *birch-pole* pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one; which hee performes so poorely, as none that sees it but would take it for a *signe* hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had, before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A *Meere-maide,* sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A *Lyon,* sayes he, for that's the onely signe that he can make. This he formes so artlesly, as it requires his expression: *This is a Lyon.* Which old Ellenor Rumming, his Tap-dame, denies, saying: *It should have been a Meere-maide.*"*

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* *Whimzies,* 1631.

P. 76—77.

Three Cranes.—The sign of the Three Cranes was in the Vintry. This house remained long in repute, as, by the sign, it appears to be mentioned in a satirical *Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit,* 1673, fol. where the 'Stygian-Puddle Seller' is said to provide "back-recruiting Chocolet for the consumptive Gallant, Herefordshire Red-streak made of rotten Apples at the *Three Cranes,* true Brunswick-mum brew'd at S. Katherine's, and Ale in penny mugs, not so big as a taylor's thimble."

P. 78.

Bacco.—Young, who is mentioned here as a vendor of tobacco, was probably the most noted Abel Drugger of that period, and thereby well known to our author, who very early in life "aspired to a pipe of rich

smoake with a tinder-box,"* and seems to have lent his aid in a posthumous fashion to the Tobacconists, "In a little Tract entitled *Tobacco:* published by especiall direction of the author upon his deathbed, dedicated to Humphrey King, one well experienced in the use, benefit, and practice of that herbe, and printed for Will. Barlow (with Tobacco armes) then keeping shop in Gracious Street."†

Iacco.—Refers to any popular house where wine was sold.

P. 88—89.

Ware.—The allusion to Sir Hugh Middleton being enriched by the project of the New River, is fixed upon by the editor of the fifth edition as internal evidence of the time when the journal was written being

* *Holy Memorials,* &c. 1638.

† See the observations collected as from this tract reprinted in *The Smoaking Age,* 1617.

1613. It is more probable the lines under consideration were written at a later period by thirty years, when the undertaking began to repay the projectors: and to show how little there is in the former editor's hypothesis, the following stanzas are given from an elegy upon Prince Henry,* wherein Brathwait pointedly refers to the 'cost' of the concern.

"Why should men thinke th' intention halfe so rare,
Or worth record, to bring a streame from Ware,
Of pure spring water? for without *lesse charge*
I could haue dreind a riuer full as large
Without ere pumping for't: and with a sluse
As artificiall: which could no way chuse
(Such is the force of an obsequious pitty)
But conuey water to most parts o' th' city.

And this without a Jacobs staffe, or ought
Saue the dimensions of an aierie thought;

* Printed in *The Poet's Willow*, 1614.

Which measures each proportion, onely griefe
Excepted, which the measure of reliefe
Could neuer compasse: yet there would be fault
In my conueiance, for my spring is salt,
And mixt with briny vapors which distill
Like pond or marish waters from a hill:
But theirs more sweet, so could I mine allay,
If I had been at *so much cost as they*."

Again in 1617 he comments upon the cost of the undertaking by saying, "thou makest us never thinke of our poverty, drawne in sluces from Ware, and in pipes to London." *

P. 92—93.

Royston.—At this town James I. had a residence for the purpose of enjoying the sport of hunting, and probably Brathwait was among those who participated with royalty in that amusement. In the ballad of *Corydon*, or the *Western Huntsman*, Brathwait says:

* *The Smoaking Age*, 1617, p. 151.

"Blaze not the fame-spred chace of Marathon,
Of hillie Oeta, heathie Calidon,
For th' chearefull coasts of peacefull Albyon,
May show New-market, *Roiston*, Maribon;
And boast as much vpon their game,
As any one could doe of them,
And amongst their doggs not one
Could match matchless Corydon."*

P. 96—97.

Stonegate-hole.—There is great similitude between the ludicrous adventure of the attorney's clerk and part of the ancient tale of Dan Hew, monk of Leicester, inserted in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 593. The same story was published by Brathwait, in an anonymous work, in 1640, which we shall repeat here, as it wears all the imposing appearance of being founded on truth.

"To inlay this our lecture with mixt stories, I shall adde one only tale of a

* *Time's Curtaine Drawn*, 1621.

spritely male, who, for love of a female, lost his maile, and afterwards runne post naked down Sautrylaine.

"There was an atturney's clarke, who comming along with his master by Stanegate-hole (or the Purser's prize), and hovering a little behind his master, purposely to ease himselfe, tyed his gelding to a stake in the hedge, and went over into the thicket adjoyning: where he no sooner enter'd than he perceived a dainty young wench, of an amiable presence, cheerefull countenance, and a wooing eye, beckning unto him, as if she affected nothing more than dalliance: The clarke, whose heate of youth prompted him on, though his master's speed call'd him back, friendly and freely accoasted her, preferring his owne sport before his master's speed. But while they were clozing up their youth-full bargaine, two lustie *takers* leapt out of a brake and surprised him, calling him to a

sharpe account for the dishonour hee had offered their sister: Hee, who had no time admitted him to put in his plea, besought them that hee might bee dismist: which motion they inclined to, but by no means till he had *payd his fees*. To bee short, they stript him naked to his skinne, seazed on his port-mantua: and tying his hands behind him, mounted him, mother-naked as hee was, into his sadle. His gelding missing his master's horse, fell a galloping and neying after him. The master with another fellow-traveller, hearing such a noyse and clattering behind them, though a good distance from them, looking back, might see one in white with great speed pursuing them: They imagining it to be one in white armour, put spurrs to their horses: where all along *Sautry-laine* this eager chace continued; the man harmelessly following, they fearefully flying: till they got to *Stilten*, where they thought them-

selves happy in such an harbour: where they reposed, till that *armed-man* appeared a *naked-man;* whom we will leave to the correction of his master: to whom he made a free discovery of his misfortune, and consequently deserved more favour." *

P. 100—101.

Newfounded College.—The *Collegium purum* which our traveller went a little out of the way to visit, was the recent establishment by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. This foundation was laid about the year 1625 by this learned and pious man, who, having been Deputy Governour of the Virginia Company, after the violent dissolution of that body, retired from public life, purchased the manor of Little Gidding, entered into holy orders, and there founded what was called a *Pro-*

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* *Ar't asleepe, Husband? A Boulster Lecture,* Oct. 1640, p. 64.

testant Nunnery, composed of his mother, brothers, sisters, and their children ; in all, about forty persons. The establishment was the subject of much difference of opinion, and much odium was attached to Archbishop Laud, who had ordained the founder, for his encouragement of an endowment so nearly allied to popery. It is pleasant, however, to find our traveller paying, in his graceless ramble, a just tribute to the uprightness of the motives and conduct of the rigid devotees. The last descendant of this once eminent and singular family of Ferrar, a very worthy man, is now clerk of the parish of St. Michael Stamford. G.

See *The Arminian Nunnery : or a Briefe Description and Relation of the late erected Monasticall Place, called the Arminian Nvnnery at Little Gidding in Hvntington-Shire. Humbly recommended to the wise consideration of this present Parliament.*

The Foundation is by a Company of Farrars at Gidding, [wood Cut] *Printed for Thomas Vnderhill,* MDCXLI. 4to. six leaves: and No. ix. and x. of Hearne's Appendix to the Preface to *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle,* 1725: also the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1772, vol. xlii. p. 322 and 364: and *Ecclesiastical Biography, by C. Wordsworth, LL.D.* 1810, vol. v. p. 73.

P. 100—101.

Wansforth-Brigs.—The melancholy circumstances under which Barnabee visited Wansforth-Brigs enable us to fix 1642 as the year in which part of his third Itinerary was written. The plague then ravaged the village, and the usual *Miserere mihi!* on the portals, which denoted the infected dwelling, serves to restore our apparently thoughtless wanderer to his sober senses. Another customary mark of that dreadful mortality pervading the house was a bloody

cross on the door posts, as we learn from the water-poet, where the inherent horror of the subject has rapt the sculler into strains of real poetry.

"In some whole street, perhaps, a shop or twaine
Stands open for small takings and less gayne,
And every closed window, door, and stall,
Makes each day seem a solemn festival.
Dead corses carried and received still,
While fiftie bodies scarce one grave doth fill.
While *Lord have mercie on us!* on the door,
Altho the words be good, do grieve men sore,
And *o'er the door posts* fixed a CROSS of red,
Betokening that there Death some blood hath shed."*

A very excellent inn, the property of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, still perpetuates the perilous adventure of Barnabee in the Sign of the Haycock, on which he is represented as passing under "Wansforth-brigs"

* *The fearful Summer*, p. 59, fol. ed. 1630.

interlocuting the inhabitants as to the origin of his voyage. G.

P. 104—105.

Stamford.—Leland says "that a greate voice rennith that sumtyme readinges of Liberalle Sciences were at Staunforde." *

Thus Camden:—"University of Stamford.—In Edward the Third's reign [not to mention what the fragment of an old manuscript history says, concerning an University here, long before our Saviour,] an University for the study and profession of liberal arts and sciences, was begun here; which the inhabitants look upon as their greatest glory. For when the hot contests at Oxford broke out between the students of the North and the South, a great number of them withdrew and settled here. However, a little while after they return'd to Oxford,

* *Itinerary*, 1711, vol. vi. fol. 29.

and put an end to the new University which they had so lately begun; and from thenceforward it was provided, by an oath to that purpose, that no Oxford man should profess at Stamford. [Here are still the remains of two Colleges,* one call'd *Blackhall*, and the other *Brazen-nose*; on the gate whereof is a great brazen nose and a ring through it, like that of the same name at Oxford. And it is evident that this did not take its pattern from Oxford, but Oxford from it; inasmuch as that at Oxford was not built before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and this is at least as old as Edward the Third, and probably older."†]

The following old provincial rhyme confirms the truth and propriety of Barnabee's observation on the 'swarming beggars at Stamford.'

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* These Colleges of Brazen-nose were pulled down 1688. See *Britannia*, by Gough, 1806, vol. ii. p. 352.

† *Britannia*, by Gibson, 1753, col. 555.

"Peterborough for pride, *Stamford for poor*,
Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a whore."

P. 103—107.

Foramen Saræ.—This was a popular ale-house, still flourishing, called "The Hole i' the Wall;" and the *Bona Roba*, as Justice Shallow has it, who entertained our traveller was Sarah Edwards, whose decease is recorded in the parish register in 1646. This "drunkard's cave," not less in esteem than when visited by honest Barnabee, is at this hour owned and occupied by a right worthy landlord and sportsman ycleped Anthony Baker, and is probably the oldest *hospitium* in the place, for "The Maiden-head," where the water-poet rested on his "penilesse pilgrimage," has been long suppressed. G.

P. 106—107.

Witham.—If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller's accuracy, we

might perhaps suspect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb, which says that

> "*Ankham eel* and Witham *pike*
> In all England is none sike."

Barnabee is, however, correct, for those minute recorders of momentous events, the ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston:—and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size, as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy, *so high up the river*, was reserved for the singular good fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across any where between its source and the village of Colterworth, (where Sir Isaac Newton was born) two miles lower. But

there is the poet's license; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's veracity will 'moult no feather' from this untoward circumstance. G.

The largest fresh-water eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy who drew it to the bank with his line was terrified at its bulk, and cried out "a snake, a snake!" but the prize was secured by his companions, and carried home in juvenile triumph. P.

P. 108—109.

Grantham.—This town has long been celebrated for whetstones, a small cake shaped like a whetstone, and for a handsome church, 'whose spire rises to a great height,' says Camden, 'and is famous for the many stories told about it.' Barnabee has added an imperfect one to the number: it were to be wished that he had been more explicit. The height of the spire was

273 feet. A few years before Barnabee undertook his third peregrination, the church and spire of Grantham were in such a ruinous state that a petition was presented to the Lord Keeper stating that the parish church of the said ancient borough, 'being very spacious and the steeple thereof famous for its eminent height, were at that present likely to fall into ruin,' expressing at the same time an utter inability to repair it. In this state it seems to have remained till 1661, when it was blown down and rebuilt. The engravings of Hollar, and the history of Dugdale, represent St. Paul's at the time Barnabee travelled as wanting only a spire to compleat the building; and it is likely that the gossip ran among those who shared drunken Barnabee's compotations, that this elegant spire of Grantham was about to be transplanted thence to perfect the splendid cathedral St. Paul's. G.

To this communication of a literary friend we are enabled to add Brathwait's relation of the same story in another work. It is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess,* with the name of GRANTAM transposed into MARGANT, and may therefore be unhesitatingly applied to that place. An index hand is placed in the margin better to secure notice. ☞ "They may wel seem tc be ranked and endenized amongst that credulous plebeian society of *Margant,* who were made to beleeve, upon the ruines of a sumptuous and magnificent abbey-spire, that the State intended their spire (though many miles distant) should supply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and petitionary manner, with joynt consent according to their weak conceit, they beseeched the State (with ample gratuities to some interceding favorites, for their better successe) to commiserate their case, and spare their spire. To which the State, pretending

them all favour, after much laughter, pleasantly condescended." *

P. 110—111.

Retford.—Versifying the old adage that a fish should swim thrice; in water, in butter, and in wine.

P. 114—115.

Robin Hood's Well.—Evelyn in his Tour through Yorkshire, in August 1654, says: "We all alighted in the highway to drink at a christal spring which they call Robin Hood's Well; neere it is a stone chaire, and an iron ladle, to drink out of, chain'd to the seate." *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1818, vol. i. p. 278.

P. 118—119.

Tadcaster. — "Really, (says Camden,) considering the many currents that fall into

* *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635, p. 203.

[the Wherf] this so shallow and easie stream under the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer-time, said of it:

"*Nil* Tadcaster *habet Musis vel carmine dignum,*
Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem."
Itinerary of T. Edes. (*Marginal Note.*)

"Nothing at *Tadcaster* deserves a name,
But the fair bridge that's built without a stream."*

P. 126—127.

Alerton.—"The throngest beast-fair on St. Bartholomew's day that I ever saw."—*Camden.*

P. 126—127.

Nesham.—At this town there was a Benedictine Nunnery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of which no vestige remains. Here Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., slept

* Camden's *Britannia.*

in her progress to Scotland. The last prioress was Johanna Lawson, who remained an annuitant in 1553. It was granted 32 Hen. VIII. to James Lawson, who appears to have been great-grandfather of Frances L. who married R. Brathwait. Nesham is in the parish of Hurworth, a beautiful village three miles from Darlington, on the banks of the Tees, and noted as the place where Emerson the celebrated mathematician resided. In right of his wife, Brathwait possessed the manor of Nesham, which afterwards passed out of the family, and was sold by the late Sir Charles Turner to a Mr. Wrightson, and has, we believe, been offered again recently for sale.

P. 128—129.

Richmund.—"Built by Alan the first earl, and honoured by him with this name which signifies a rich mount."—*Camden.*

P. 130—131.

Middlam.—"Robert Fitz-Ralph had all Wentseddle bestowed on him by Conanus, earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and built a very strong castle at Middleham."—*Camden.*

P. 138—139.

Kendall.—A Charter of Incorporation was granted to this town in the eighteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and another charter with additional privileges in the eleventh year of Charles I. The Itinerary being written when only the original charter existed, our author declares there was "nothing but a mayor wanted," which civic appointment was granted by the new charter. Probably the towns-people were applying for an extension of their privileges when the text was written, and after the obtainment of their request in 1636, it became necessary to add a record of it by a

note, which shows that additions were made long after the Itinerary was first written.

P. 145.

Malt-worm.—The following selection of passages, casually made, supply a further trait in the mannerism of our author, where he introduces a favourite metaphor of the worm; and the passages might probably be increased to every work he produced, with trifling labour.

O then thou earth-bred worme, why shouldest thou vant?—*Strappado for the Divel*, 1615.

Lick-wimbles, malt-wormes, vine-fretters, &c.—*Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

The gem soiled by a canker-worme.—As the glistering of the glow-worme from the light and splendour of the sunne.—The barraine braine-wormes of this time.—*The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

Cheering the wormes that on his body

feed.—Death is wormes' caterer.—*Description of Death*, 1618.

Now, wormeling, let me speak.—*Discourse on Moderate Weeping*, 1618.

Thou sillie worme, compact of slimie mud.—Art thou a crauling worme, a feeble creature?—*Natvre's Embassie*, 1621.

Thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil-worm.—*Shepheard's Tales*, 1621.

And the sonne of man worme's meat.—Which these earth-wormes of ours can never do.—The very tetter or ring-worme that eats into womens good name.—*English Gentleman*, 1630.

A wittie, waggish, braine-worme.—This malt-worme encounters with a portion of Frontineacke. — This worme will turne againe.—These glo-wormes they are soiles to the purest paper. Till this yealous earth-worme is forgot.—Most politickly compound upon indifferent tearmes with his malt-worms.—*Whimzies*, 1631.

Taking of a red worme from his gall.—The folly of a poore-wormlin.—*Arcadian Princess*, 1635.

When corruption shall bee my mother and wormes my brethren and sisters.—*Spiritual Spicerie*, 1638.

The poore worme of herselfe neither greatly harmefull nor profitable.—By scurrilous or factious braine-wormes hatched.—*Survey of History*, 1638.

Engage my fancy to an earth-worm.—*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640.

A little worme may lye under a great stone.—*Boulster Lecture*, 1640.

Lodges for wormes.—Poor passionate worme.—Where the worme is ever gnawing.—An earth-worme stript of his estate.—*Penitent Pilgrim*, 1641.

The worm will turn again.—*Comment upon Chaucer*, 1665.

Oppression is such a ring-worm as it

spreads all over the face of his estate.—*Captive Captain*, 1665.

P. 144—145.

Closing Scene.—The *vale* here introduced enumerates above an hundred different places; and as several names are not before mentioned, it may be concluded they were places where our tourist only took a 'whet.' Indeed if there is excepted the long chalking at Daintry; the amour at Mansfield; the night and day work at Kendall; a seven days' tarrying at Preston; and being no starter when once housed at the Three Cranes, our said Barnabee cannot be deemed a loiterer. He is modelled for novelty and new quarters; following the author's adopted adage—

Unius noctis peramicus hospes,
Proximæ gratus minùs est amicis,
Tertiæ vultus patietur hostis
Dira minantis.

Guests of one night stay may be kindly welcome,
Guests of a next night are not held so toothsome,
Guests of a third night are reputed noisome
To the receiver.*

P. 154—155.

Malton.—In the *Strappado for the Diuell* is a long humoursome poem 'Vpon a Poets Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender,' which accords in part with the description here given:

"Here stands a beast that eats and has no teeth,
Wiske out and winches, and *yet has no tayle*,
Looks like death's-head, and yet he is not death,
Neighs like an asse, and crawleth like a snayle,
All bones above, no belly vnderneath,
Legg'd like a cammell, with a sea-horse foote,
'So bigg's his head he cannot be got out.'"

P. 156—157.

Rippon.—Brathwait had early experience of some of the tricks used by jockeys. The following lines from his character as the

* *Survey of History*, 1638, p. 321.

shepherd Technis confirm this presumption, when he

"—— did eat, did drinke, and merry make,
For no delight saue these did Technis take.
For I may say to you if so I had,
My lucke to *horse-flesh* had not beene so bad,
As by some yeeres experience I haue found:"—

P. 158—159.

Appleby.—The 'ancient seat' refers to the castle built there, "for its central as well as strong and beautiful situation in the barony."*

P. 160—161.

Hauxide.—This place as well as a few others are only named to say 'Farewell,' as though Barnabee made no long tarrying therein. For these partial omissions it is difficult to assign a reason, unless it may be conjectured that it is not attributable to

* *History of Craven,* p. 530.

dearth of incident, but that Brathwait knew himself to be too intimately known in the neighbourhood of particular towns to remain, if they were described, long undiscovered as author of the poem. To notice one instance that must have been an intentional omission. He seems peculiarly anxious to avoid mentioning Catterick in his Itinerary; although Barnabee goes to Richmond and Middlam, and it was hardly probable, if even possible, in those days, for him to have gone from one to the other and avoid Catterick Bridge, and an inn there of great antiquity; always celebrated and even now one of the first in the North. Indeed the above conjecture seems tenable from the circumstance that Hauxide is omitted; and there a kinsman of our author resided, who obtained much popular influence and probably had property and a family established in that town. This appears by some lines "Vpon the late decease of his

much lamented friend and kinsman Allen Nicholson, a zealous and industrious member both in Church and Commonweale."

Hauxide laments thy death, *Grasmyre* not so,
Wishing thou hadst beene dead ten yeeres agoe,
For then her market had not so beene done,
But had suruiu'd thy age in time to come:
And well may Hauxide grieue at thy departure,
Since shee receiu'd from thee her ancient charter,
&c.*

P. 160—161.

Garestang.—Noted for an extraordinary breed of cattle. In May 1772, a gentleman refused 30 guineas for a three-year old cow, sold a calf of a month's age for ten guineas, and bulls for an hundred. He killed an ox weighing twenty-one stone per quarter, exclusive of hide, offal, &c., so that well might *honest Barnabee* at the beginning of the 17th century celebrate the cattle of that place, notwithstanding the misfortune he met with in one of its great fairs.

* *Remains after Death,* 1618.

P. 162—163.

Lonesdale.—The copy of the Itinerary possessed by Mr. Wilson, of Dallam Tower in the county of Westmoreland, contained the following sarcastic lines in manuscript :

Villa egena, populus elatus,
Templum damnosum ruiq; lautus,
Obelistus jam novatus.

A poor town, and a proud people,
An old church, and a new steeple.

P. 166—167.

Richmund.—"To Nesham with my *woman.*" Brathwait, for an unlaboured rhyme, applies what now appears a homely expression to his wife, whom he seeks on all occasions to extol as the model of her sex. In "*Free, yet Bound ; an Epigram upon Marriage,*" he says :

" —Thanks to heauen, I haue got such an one,
Who though shee be no profest monitor,
Shall, as she merits, be my counsellour ;

For shee is firme aboue comparison,
And loues all *Musique* saue *Division :*
Nor yet assumes shee to herselfe that power,
As her instructions were so absolute,
As first with reason shee should not dispute."*

P. 166—167.

Kendall.—Leland, in his Itinerary, remarks of Kendall, or Kirkby Kendall, "in the town is but one chirch ;" and therefore the pastor whose example was so little attended to, is probably the same person who had many years before obtained the like notice from the author in addressing the inhabitants of Kendall.

" But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,
In my opinion there is none so great,
As that especiall one which they receiue,
By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue,
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either,)

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* *Times Curtaine Drawne,* 1621.

For in him both Urim and Thummim be ;
O that we had more pastors such as he :
For then in Sion should God's flocke encrease,
" Hauing such shepheards would not flea but fleece ;
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire ?
Tyrer's her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre ;
He to instruct her people, she to bring
Wealth to her towne by forraine trafficking."

Address *to the Cottoneers*, 1615.

P. 170—171.

John Dory.—For the ballad of John Dory see Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 163. This lyrical piece continued popular near a century. It was first inserted in the "*Deuteromelia : or the Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodius Musicke,*" 1609. To the farce called *The Empress of Morocco*, 1674, 4to. (which was an humourous burlesque upon the Opera with similar title by E. Settle) there is attached an "Epilogue, being a new fancy after the old, and most surprising way of Macbeth, performed with

new and costly machines, which were invented and managed by the most ingenious operator Mr. Henry Wright, P.G.Q." which was introduced to the audience by "the most renowned and melodious song of *John Dory*, being heard as it were in the air sung in parts by Spirits, to raise the expectation and charm the audience with thoughts sublime, and worthy of that heroick scene which follows."

In Playford's *Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, this ballad is succeeded by the well-known satire upon Sir John Suckling as "a second part of *John Dory* made to the same tune, upon Sir John S—— expedition into Scotland, 1639." The same collection contains a song on the power of women, to the tune of the Blacksmith, beginning

"Will you give me leave and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your fathers before ye,
It shall do you more good than ten of John Dory,
Which nobody can deny."

Barnabee's censure of those who had rather hear "pipe than sermon," and next bidding to "dance lively with John Dory," is similar to Brathwait's address to the Cottoneers, where, after morally recommending the advantages of charity, he proceeds in the following singular manner:

"So time shall crowne you with an happy end,
And consummate the wishes of a friend;
So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with pleasure,
Shall ioifully begin to dance his measure.
One footing actiuely *Wilson's* delight,
Descanting on this note, *I haue done what's right*,
Another ioying to be nam'd 'mongst them
Were made men-fishers of poore fisher-men.
The third as blith as any tongue can tell,
Because he's found a faithfull Samuel.
The fourth is chanting of his notes as gladly,
Keeping the tune for th' honour of *Arthur a Bradley*.*
The fifth so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,
Asking who'll sing with him *Mal Dixon's* round?"

* This Ballad is printed in the Appendix to Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795.

P. 8—9.

A new English version of this apology for *errata* appeared in poems by Lawrence Whyte, Dub. 1742, 12mo. P.

It was the fashion of that age for authors to implore favour of the reader for the supposed discrepancies of the press. One contemporary instance may be cited from a volume of considerable rarity entitled: *Marsh his Mickle Monument. Raised on Shepherds Talkings, In Moderate Walkings, In Divine Expressions, In Humane Transgressions, Anno Dom.* 1645, 4to. A copy that belonged to the author has the following lines in manuscript:

The printer was too blame, for hee hath made
　My verse speak nonsence, in a many places:
But gentle reader let mee now perswade
　Thee for to help to mend theyr halting paces:
And whatsoere I put to printing next,
Ile watch him so hee shall not mar the text.

John Marsh.

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